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Death and the Drumming Wheels

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

I

THE CHEAPNESS OF LIFE

The First of a Series of Articles on the Loss of Life by Railway Accidents in America

IN the book of the Wisdom of Shamshyd Ali, camel-driver, is written a story of the Sultan Amgar; how, early in the morning, he gave his vizier a purse of gold and sent him to the market-place to buy that of which the most could be had for the money. In the evening the vizier returned, abased himself in the Presence, and made his report.

"Give ear, O Commander of the Faithful, and let thy wisdom, which outlusters the wisdom of Sulieman the Magnificent, unfold this mystery. Behold, with thy gold I have bought that which men hold most dear, and yet it is the cheapest thing in all thy dominions—human life!"

It is a far cry from Shamshyd Ali and his camel caravan, creeping soft-footed across the desert from Shiraz

to Ispahan in the heart of the eleventh century, to the interior of a luxuriously appointed drawing-room compartment in the Golden Gate Limited, rushing westward across the American continent in the twentieth. In the most comfortable of the lounging chairs angling one of the broad windows sits Mr. Banker Porteous, staring idly out upon the backward-flitting monotones. His wife is dozing peacefully on the half-berth divan, and in a willow chair at the other window is a fair young girl with a book.

A young man whose face declares his kinship with the others saunters in and drops into the remaining chair, winking sleepily. Twice within the season the time of the Limited has been shortened, and yet our travelers are finding the journey all too tedious.

"By Jove!" says the sleepy one, between yawns; "the time of this train is something awful. If you couldn't hear the wheels, you wouldn't know we were going."

The elder man nods acquiescence, and the fair girl shuts her finger in her book. In the hollow part of the next second there comes a series of sharp whistle shrieks and a sudden grinding of the brakes. The quick-following shock is heavy enough, even at the Pullman end of the train, to awake the sleeping mother, and to make the daughter start up with a little cry of alarm.

"What is it?" she gasps; and her brother finds his hat and says he will go see.

Ten minutes later he is back with his budget of news.

"It's a head-ender with a freight," he announces. "They were trying to back in on a siding out of our way, and didn't quite make it."

It is the mother who remembers to ask if any one was hurt; and the young man evidently takes the question in the purely passenger sense.

"Oh, no; we're on the iron yet—all but the engine. But we got the brakeman who was trying to flag us down; and I believe they said one of the enginemen couldn't live. I suppose it means a hang-up of five or six hours before they can get the track cleared."

"How terrible!" says the fair young woman; and she opens her book again and is presently deep in the quaintnesses of Shamshyd Ali, reading with a keen little thrill of sheerly literary appreciation this, his story of the vizier's purchase.

A fancy sketch, drawn with the artist's contempt for the exactnesses, you say? Let us assume that it is and give place to the mechanical draftsman who knows no trick of artistic deception; who will ink in his lines by date and place, making them light or heavy

as the truth demands. It shall go hard with us if we can not prove that what the old camel-driver said of Persia in the eleventh century is in no sense true of America in the civilized and enlightened twentieth.

In the evening of January 7, 1903, the West Elizabeth accommodation out of Pittsburg was approaching the siding at Cochrane. A freight train, also south-bound, had taken the siding to let the passenger pass. It was the duty of the freight crew to see that the side-tracked train cleared the main line. It did not clear, and there was a rear collision. The forward car of the passenger train was a combination baggage and smoker. The shock lifted the engine tender from its trucks and it was thrust like a square-cut piston back through the combination car. Thirteen passengers and a stove were crushed together in the rear end of the car, and fire broke out. Seven lives were lost, and the survivors were all more or less burned or broken.

The Associated Press gave this curtain-raising accident of the new year several inches of news space, and your morning paper ran it with appropriate headlines. Did you, dear reader in Chicago, or you in Kansas City, give it more than a passing glance? I confess that I did not, here on the southern edge of Tennessee.

On the night of the twentieth of the same month, one of the huge rotary snow plows of the Great Northern Railway had been boring its way through the drifts in the Cascade Range in Washington. Following the plow was a freight train, with a crew of laborers asleep in bunk-cars coupled next to the engine; and behind these "workingmen's Pullmans" were several car-loads of lumber.

Five miles west of the little station of Chiwaukum a thing happened. The plow was stopped, and a flagman was supposed to go back in the storm with

signals to halt the following train. Whether it was the man or the signals that failed is of no moment here. We are concerned only with the result, and that is not in doubt. A few minutes later there was a crash of the sort that once heard is never to be forgotten, and the heavy lumber loads, shifting forward, made matchwood of the frail, men-laden box-cars.

A headline and two or three inches in a news column recorded this killing of twelve men and the injuring of eleven others, the reporter regretting that the names of the victims were unattainable. Was public interest aroused to the extent of asking for these names? Possibly it was—at the nearest division station. But elsewhere? No more than it would have been in Persia in Shamsy's time.

Seven days after the snow-plow incident in the Washington mountains came the terrible Westfield disaster on the Central of New Jersey. Now, in good truth, there was a thrill of horror to ripple far and wide. Life would be cheap, indeed, if the killing of twenty-three persons and the wounding of eighty-five failed to evoke more than the passing notice usually accorded the railway disaster. There were news stories by the double column, and here and there an editorial comment. But yesterday I asked a New Yorker, living within a hundred miles of Westfield at the time of the accident, to tell me the story of it. He had forgotten all but the principal fact that there was an accident something like a year ago.

Less than twelve hours after the Westfield wreck, in the early morning of January 28, a remarkable collision occurred on the Southern Pacific, near Tucson, Arizona. Twelve persons were killed outright, and thirty were injured. Yet the newspapers in the writer's district gave the tragedy no more than a rather sensational news story on an inside page; and of public

comment at this distance there was none. Nevertheless, if the newspaper story recited the facts, this was an accident which should have called forth a vigorous public demand for investigation and a searching inquiry into causes, latent as well as active. But why should we trouble our national self when human life is the cheapest of all the commodities?

We may look over the draftman's shoulder as he inks in these hard-lined drawings of the sober fact. His notebook is filled to the margins with the record of hundreds of life-takings in American railway accidents. Turning the leaf for February, there is the plunge of an immigrant car into the Mississippi from the Queen and Crescent tracks, at Vicksburg. Farther down the page is the Southern Railway landslide derailment on the night of the 27th, near Lenoir, Tennessee; this note, memorable to all if only for the dying words of heroic John Bibb, engineer, to the physicians: "I am going to die, anyway; go and look after the women and children in the coaches."

On the next page there is the slanting crash of the Erie express into a side-tracking freight near Red House; and six days later, on April 26, the killing of eleven workmen and the wounding of a score of others, by reason of a backing work-train colliding with a freight on the Missouri Pacific near Buffalo, Kansas.

For May there is the dashing of a Grand Trunk train through a crowd of Polish excursionists at a Detroit street crossing; and for June there are the Santa Fé collision on borrowed track near Stillwell, Kansas, an Illinois Central freight and passenger collision near Raymond, Iowa, and a runaway train of coal cars on the Spokane Falls and Northern, hurling itself down a grade into Spokane to run amuck in the streets and over and through inhabited buildings.

The page for July chronicles the rear collision on the 7th of a Southern Railway passenger with a freight on a siding at Rockfish, Virginia, with a long death and casualty list. And on the 26th, the misreading of a train order sends a freight and a passenger together, near Dodge Center, Minnesota, on the Chicago Great Western.

On August 7 there is a brief note of a collision between two sections of the Wallace Brothers' circus train at Durand, Michigan, with a death roll of more than a score, and a long list of injured. And on September 3, a collapsing trestle near Yorkville, South Carolina, plunges a passenger train into the waters of Fishing Creek.

On the page dated Sunday, September 27, there is recorded the leap of the Southern Railway fast mail from a high trestle a short distance north of Danville, Virginia; and on the same page, under date of October 17, is the abridged story of another work-train horror—the rear collision on the Pennsylvania at Washington's Crossing, New Jersey. The note for October 31 marks the collision of a Big Four passenger train, crowded with students and foot-ball excursionists, with six loaded coal cars, almost in the terminal, at Indianapolis, Indiana; and that for November 12 records the collision of two freights on the Louisville and Nashville, near New Hope, Kentucky.

Two days later the scene shifts to the farther South, with the brief of a rear collision between a passenger and a freight on the Illinois Central near Kentwood, Louisiana; and on the 19th the work train suffers again, this time on the Big Four, between Mackinaw and Tremont, Illinois, with an appalling death roll of thirty-one out of thirty-five men involved.

The first twelve days of December passed without record; but on the 13th a fast passenger train on the C., B. & Q. was derailed near Albia, Iowa, and

we are made to witness the constantly recurring marvel of the railway train accident. This train left the track no more than three hundred feet from a bridge, and in dashing through the steel girder the sides were sheared from several of the cars, the heaters smashed, and the train set on fire. By all the laws of probability there should have been a shocking death list; and yet the entire train load escaped with only five killed and ten injured.

On the same December day two engines overturned on the Baltimore and Ohio, near Piedmont, West Virginia; on the 21st the "Meteor" fast train on the St. Louis and San Francisco was wrecked at Godfrey, Kansas. Two days before Christmas came the crowning horror of the year in the derailment of the "Duquesne Flyer," on the Baltimore and Ohio, at Laurel Run, Pennsylvania; and on the day after Christmas two passenger trains found each other on the same track, six miles east of Grand Rapids, on the Pere Marquette. As we have noted, this month of December began peacefully; notwithstanding, in these five wrecks, ninety-nine persons were killed and ninety-four injured, a total that breaks the monthly train-accident record for the year.

Here are the notes of a few, and only a few, of the life-takings by moving trains in the year 1903. How small a proportion of all will be apparent when we remember that we have here accounted for only three hundred and fifty-two killed and four hundred and ninety-four injured, out of a joint total which in 1902 ran far into the tens of thousands.

But have we proved our superiority to the Persians? Of all these killings and woundings, and the many others beside, there was advertisement, small or great, in all the daily newspapers of the land. But do these stories, read one day and forgotten the next, discredit

Shamshyd Ali's tale of the vizier's purchase? Not at all. Civilization, progress and the lapse of time have done somewhat for man's intelligence, and a vast deal for his comfort; yet the daily record of life-wasting proves that human life is still the cheapest commodity in the market-place. And, with all due deference to the theater fire-trap and the jerry-built building; to carelessly inspected mines and to unseaworthy vessels; that corner of the pit where the bidding is liveliest is the railroad accident.

In the matter of thrillings human nature seems to obey some hitherto untabulated law of selection. Let a regiment of one thousand men be decimated in a charge upon a Santiago outwork, and the country resounds with a mingled cry of praise and lamentation. But in every peaceful year of the world more than eight entire regiments of lives are lost in railroad accidents in the United States; and so the man who reads about them over his coffee and chop in the morning be not bereaved personally or by near proxy, he experiences only a perfunctory shock now and again when some notable wreck bunches the killing and wounding a thought too unevenly.

In approaching a subject in which the abstract must first be crystallized into the concrete, the essayist is confronted by an overwhelming array of facts of the introductory sort which can be presented only by means of statistics. This discovery is always disconcerting. He will be a dull-witted wrangler, or one new to his trade, if he have not learned that figures are but blank cartridges wherewith to bombard the gentle reader. Yet the temptation to try the effect of mere digital din is never fully outlived by the most experienced writer on specialized topics. Possibly we all remember how the walls of Canaanitish Jericho fell down for

stout hulloings and a lusty blowing of rams' horns.

To begin, then, with the most promising of the blank cartridges: the measuring of the unknown, or at least the unheeded, by the known and well-heeded.

The loss of the Federal Army of the Cumberland in the battles of Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, as given by Cist,* was 824 killed, and 3,683 wounded. So much for war in the sacrificial sixties.

In the year 1889, which is the first year of systematic accident tabulation, 5,823 men, women and children were crushed, torn, mangled or burned to death on the lines of American railroads; and 26,309 others were injured in the same disasters. So much for peace, public indifference and the railroad accident fifteen years ago.

Having thus made sure our footing in the latter eighties, let us come in one broad step to the present; this while we have the war tables before us. Our historian, Cist, asserts that, all things considered, the two days' fighting at Chickamauga stand unsurpassed as the hardest fought and bloodiest battle of the Civil War. The Federal killed in this battle numbered 1,687; and the roster of the wounded falls but a few names short of 10,000.

But in the unbelligerent year ending June 30, 1902, the aggregate number of persons killed in railroad accidents was 8,588; and during the same period 64,652 persons were injured.

"Oh, hold on; you're away too high!" protested one railroad official, when I mentioned these figures to him in conversation; and he immediately pulled the Interstate Commerce Commission's accident bulletins on me, to prove that only 345 passengers were killed, and 6,683 injured during the fiscal year in question.

* The Army of the Cumberland, p. 228.

It is such half-truths as this that breed public indifference. With a death roll of only 345 persons of all classes to the year for over 200,000 miles of operated railroad, there would be less cause for concern. But, here is the whole truth, as given in the Interstate Commerce Commission's "Statistics of Railways," for the year ending June 30, 1902:

	Killed	Injured
Passengers	345	6,683
Employés	2,969	50,524
Other persons	5,274	7,445
Total, all classes..	8,588	64,652

Now, naturally, our railway man disturbs himself chiefly on the score of passenger casualties. Employés, to him, are rather impersonal links in the chain of equipment; men who take voluntarily the risks of a hazardous calling, and are content therewith.

But the public is, or should be, equally concerned about the appalling loss of life and limb in the employés' class. Are not these enginemen, trainmen, yard hands, laborers, also men and brethren?—citizens, and for the most part, good citizens, of the commonwealth?

Figure three full regiments of able-bodied wage-earners, many of them bread-winners of families, blotted out of existence every year by a more or less preventable class of accidents. Say that only two-thirds of them are men of family: using the lowest possible census multiple, the railroad accident makes annually four thousand widows and orphans in this single class.

And the woundings in this class are almost as shocking as the mortality, when they are put into graspable form. Imagine a city the size of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, or Portland, Maine: people it with picked men, the vast majority of them in the prime of young manhood, and see the railroad accidents of

a single year transform this entire city into a huge hospital; an infirmary in which the cripple-making amputation ward is the busiest.

Then there is this third item of "other persons"; victims unnamed and unepitaphed in the statistical tables. Their list of injured is not greatly in excess of that of the passenger-in-transit class; but their death roll reminds one of the charge of the Light Brigade, or the Bloody Angle at Spottsylvania. Of the entire number killed railroad-wise in any given year, five in every eight are classed as "other persons", not employés or passengers, in fact.

Who are these unclassified victims? How shall we identify this mysterious remainder which is undescribed in all the reports, but which yields two lives for every employé killed, and fifteen for every passenger? Perhaps we shall learn later on. For the present we may leave this third item in the grim total where we have found it; the total which so emphatically transfers the paradox of Shamsyhd Ali from Persia and the eleventh century to America and the twentieth.

Before leaving the comparative field we may gain another point of view from the annual summary given by one of the leading newspapers of the Middle West. In this summary, which is for the calendar year ending December 31, 1903, the compiler makes no pretensions to completeness; he tabulates only those losses of life and injuries which have been reported by mail or telegraph to his journal.

This summary shows that the death roll of the railway accident is nearly as great as the fire and drowning mortalities combined; this though the Iroquois Theater disaster is presumably included in the fire casualties. Accidental deaths from other causes are grouped under the following heads: explosions, falling buildings, mine accidents, cy-

clones and storms, lightning natural and lightning artificial (electricity); and the total number of deaths from all these causes climbs only three-fourths of the way up to the mark set by the railway accidents.

This comparison also became a matter of mention in the discussion with the railway official who desired to confine the argument to the casualties in the passenger class. After discrediting the entire field of newspaper statistics, he went back to the original question, proving from Mr. Slason Thompson's brochure, "Railway Accidents in the United States and Europe," that while traveling in the United States might not be quite as safe for the passenger as it would be in Europe, or rather in England,* the total killings for the year 1901 on the English 22,078 miles was quite seventy-five per cent. of the number killed on our 197,237 miles.

With due respect for those who have raised the process of juggling with statistical figures to the level of a fine art, it may be safely asserted that this is one of the comparisons which does not compare; a sort of mental dust-throwing which serves only to conceal the plain truth. When we are asked to consider the difference in the number of passengers carried and the vast American mileage contrasted with that of any European country, we must pointedly refuse to consider either.

If fifty miles of railway line can be operated with reasonable safety to life and limb for its passengers, its employés, and for the people living along its right of way, one hundred miles will offer no obstacle which good discipline and a proportionably increased expenditure for approved safety appliances will not overcome.

Again, there is no logical reason why the risk of transporting one hundred passengers with the proper facilities should be appreciably greater than that incurred in transporting one-half

that number. Indeed, statistics—not the juggled kind—prove that those of our railways carrying the greatest number of passengers to the operative mile are notably the safest.

To take one example from many that might be cited: The New York Central carries as many passengers to the mile of active main line as any American railway; possibly the greatest number of any if the purely suburban lines be excluded. Yet in the year 1903 its name does not appear in any casualty list obtainable by the writer.

But, all comparisons apart, and with the admission of the heartening word where it can be found in the tale of disaster, a condition exists which is, or ought to be, intolerable to a civilized people. After we have distributed the cost and the accountability in columns of figures and over pages of statistical tables, we are still confronted by the tremendous fact that every year more than eight thousand persons lose their lives by reason of the railway accident; and in the same twelve months over sixty-four thousand are more or less crippled and unfitted for their part in the struggle in a life battle which is ever to the strong.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" inquired my railroad friend, not at all in "the public be damned" spirit, but rather as one who would really like to know.

That remains to be seen. What we are doing about it is to let it "rock along." In other words, we are dealing in a large, loose and typically American way with a problem which, while it may not be peculiarly American, is none the less vitally one of our very own.

And the manner in which we deal or fail to deal with it has a thousand out-showings in the daily American life. The overcrowded street vehicle is an example. In no other civilized coun-

* In the year 1901 not a single English passenger life was lost in train accidents, while for the year ending June 30, 1901, we killed 292.

try would such an imposition as the compressing of seventy-five people into a public conveyance designed to seat fifty be tolerated for a moment. Yet the American rarely protests in the mass—the only kind of protest that ever gains a hearing; and as for the individual, if he be not too busy to give the matter a second thought, he is apt to take his discomfort—or even his killing or maiming—humorously, or at least good-naturedly; though an unkindly critic might amend this last by saying that it is the killing or maiming of the other fellow that he takes most humorously or good-naturedly.

But is there any help for the railroad murderings? asks the good-natured one.

For many of them there is; most emphatically. But before we come to any suggestion of the remedies it will be well to examine patiently and critically the causes of the disease. The diagnosis will differ widely in different cases, and in some instances I doubt not we shall find the company surgeons disagreeing most pointedly. But the hope of the nation in this or in any reform lies in publicity; if help is to be had, the truth must be told without reserve.

The Second Article in this Important Series will Appear in the June Number Under the Title "Fate and the Incompetents"

The Tyranny of the Great

BY BERNARD G. RICHARDS

THE wise of the world make fools of us all. The lore of the past holds the logic of the future in check. The world to come is not allowed to come by the world that has been. Offer an opinion to any one, and you are met by a quotation from some one else. Say something and you are confronted with what a greater person has said, who probably has the advantage of authority over you because he has been dead these many years. Give expression to any thought that may rise in you, and it will be compared to some saying already in stock and will be thrown into the waste-basket. No matter what your argument may be, it is soon refuted by lips that have long been dust. This is the tyranny of the

great, and it is ever the effort of its servile subjects to enforce its despotism upon us.

No matter how intimate, immediate and near the message may be, no matter out of what crucial, vital and excruciating experience you have just emerged, no matter how pregnant with modern meaning and of what close application your suggestion may be, it will be ignored because of some classic advice of others. You will not be listened to, when, for aught the listeners know, the mere granting of a hearing would invest your utterance with a weight commanding attention. But it is easier to accept the established; and, in case of need, people fall back upon their books. They seek in libraries the

solution of all problems. They answer life's conundrums with quotations. There is something in this or that book which covers the point, answers the question. Most of us have been taught how to read, and it spares so many the trouble of thinking. Great men have made it their business to think for us. What else is the use of buying and reading books? But these books have been written by others, and they have certainly not been brought into existence for this purpose. Whoever made this or that book did not live your or my life. He did not feel, know, experience what the reader of it has, and out of one's own life should come its best lesson and the most useful wisdom.

Out of all we have seen and heard, felt, suffered, attempted and accomplished there should be formed certain principles for our guidance. With the aid of all the sayings in the world, but through the medium of one's own personality, should these principles come. Out of one's own past should come the light for the future. Only your own failure can point the way to success. If you have not paid for the wisdom which you possess, you can make no use of it. In fact, you do not possess it until you have paid for it. Whether the game is worth it or not, you must first pay for the candle. Unless your wisdom begins at home, its application will end nowhere. It must be of your own making or gathering, it must be closely connected with your life, to be applicable to your own case.

Great books were not written that we may follow them blindly, that they may dominate our lives, that we become victims of their despotism. They were not brought into existence for this, nor did the noble teachers who made them come to furnish us with

ready wisdom, but rather they and their works arrived to make us think our own thoughts, to stimulate our imagination, to help us formulate the best lessons out of the lives that we have lived: to read life, understand things better than they have understood them, and to use our knowledge each one in his individual way. Great books have been written that we may be enabled to do without them. Immortal guides have come that we may find our way unaided. The highest purpose of the teacher is to abolish his office. We attend schools that they may become unnecessary to us, that we may through life be equipped to learn without their assistance; the master mind should not rule, but transfer mastery to the disciple. The disciple should become greater than the master. Educational institutions, uplifting influences, agencies of inspiration, if they have not taught us how to learn without their aid, we have missed their object and real worth; if they have made out of us merely blind followers, slavish subjects of their formulas, theories and principles, we would have fared better had they not been. We have not learned anything if we have not learned how to learn. The great have lived their lives; all others must live theirs. At best, wisdom and guidance furnished to us come second-hand. And then, great minds often run riot, and great men teach us as many errors as truths, or their truths are often our errors. The folly of a philosopher is no better than the philosophy of a fool. Each one can be great in his own little way, and no mind is free until it has emancipated itself from the tyranny of the great. Some people can help us find it, but none can give us the truth—that which to us is the truth.

Mystifying "Me"

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

PETER WELLS had fifty thousand dollars in advertising contracts on his hands when the court decided against him—that is, Peter had legally bound himself to pay fifty thousand dollars for certain space in certain publications within a certain time, and now he had nothing to advertise. Peter also had a partner—a silent partner of the name of James Quinby. Peter's partner was silent because he had money and did not wish to become too deeply involved in an enterprise that might possibly prove disastrous; also he had a business of his own that he did not wish to become identified, even indirectly, with the new venture. If the latter failed, it would in no way affect his standing or his credit. In a word, he was willing to invest a little money in a speculation, but he did not care to have the fact generally known. So, when Peter outlined his scheme, explaining that he had only half of the twenty-five thousand dollars needed, Quinby agreed to put up the other half and leave the management of affairs to Peter. That was where he was unwise. Peter was a young man with more enthusiasm than discretion. He knew that he had a good thing, so he went ahead with his plans and had everything in readiness when he learned that some one else had a prior claim to his good thing. It was plenty good enough, but a learned judge said it wasn't Peter's and tied Peter up with a temporary injunction, which was soon made permanent.

"And the worst of it is," remarked

Peter, "that I had to pay that advertising agency ten per cent. in cash when the contract was signed."

"That must have been close to two thousand dollars," said Quinby.

"It was five thousand dollars," said Peter, carelessly.

"What!" cried Quinby. "Why, you only had twenty-five thousand dollars, and I supposed you would reserve at least five thousand dollars for other expenses."

"Not at all, not at all," returned Peter. "This little novelty that we intended to turn out would cost a mere trifle, so I put it all in the advertising. It's one of those things where the advertising is everything."

"But your contract represents twice your capital!"

"Of course," said Peter; "but I only had to pay ten per cent. down, and we'd have had money to throw to the birds by the time the capital was used up. I figured that we might have to make two more payments of five thousand dollars each before we began paying entirely out of our profits. I never expected to use more than fifteen thousand dollars of our capital this way, and perhaps not so much."

"Then why didn't you make your contract on that basis?" demanded Quinby.

The benighted ignorance of Quinby seemed to make Peter weary, but he was considerate enough to explain.

"There are two reasons," he said. "In the first place, I could get better terms on a big contract; in the second,

I wanted to be sure of exactly the same location in the various publications for a considerable length of time. It is a theory of mine that an advertisement gathers force from constant repetition in precisely the same place. It is the regularity of a thing that counts, that gives an impression of stability; if it goes jumping all over a paper or a magazine, it isn't half as effective. I planned for no big displays, but I did intend that the reading man or woman should run across the same thing in the same place continuously. Why, to make sure of this feature, I took an option on fifty thousand dollars more—that is, I have the privilege of continuing in the same locations for another period as long as the first."

"Wonderful foresight, wasn't it?" asked Quinby, sarcastically.

"It seemed so at the time," replied Peter. "How could I know that somebody stole my idea before I had it and that a grumpy old judge would give him title to it?"

"To tie yourself up like this before you knew exactly where you stood was a piece of insanity," asserted Quinby; "but there's no use discussing that now. How much are we going to lose?"

"I don't know," admitted Peter. "I've been wondering if we couldn't get something else to advertise."

"Nonsense!" retorted Quinby. "You'd better see what terms you can make with the agency people. When they understand the circumstances you may be able to get back some of the money you've put up."

"I'll try it," said Peter.

So Peter went to the advertising agent and stated the case, but the agent seemed to see complications ahead.

"It's a little out of the ordinary," he explained. "You wanted certain definite locations permanently, and we had to contract for them particularly.

I am very much afraid the publications will want to hold us, in which case we will have to hold you."

"With all the advertising you are handling, you ought to be able to drop something else into those locations," suggested Peter.

"We have to pay an extra rate for 'placed' advertising, so it is rather a difficult matter to fill this in," said the advertising man. "We may be able to cancel some of the contracts, but you must bear in mind that this is like any other business transaction: you have bought certain things on time, and you have no right to expect to escape delivery because your own plans have not turned out right. Certain space in certain publications is yours, and it looks to me as if you would have to fill it. In fact, nothing but the generosity of the publishers can let you out. It would be generosity, too, for they would be surrendering the cash value of the contracts. The fact that they might put some other advertiser in your space cuts no figure, for it will have to be an advertiser that they would have anyway. It's like a present of so much money to you."

"That's certainly reasonable," admitted Peter, sadly. "I hadn't thought of it that way."

"The contracts are legal and they can be collected by law," persisted the advertising man.

"No, they can't," put in Peter; "I haven't got the money."

"You forget that you gave me a signed statement of cash resources when you turned the business over to me," said the advertising man. "I would not place such a line of advertising for an unknown man without it. I can make trouble for you on that."

"How much cash will you take to let me out?" asked Peter, desperately.

The advertising man considered the matter thoughtfully.

"The situation is just this," he said

at last. "I have contracted in your behalf for fifty thousand dollars' worth of 'placed' advertising. Some of this I can cancel and some I can fill in with other advertisers, but there is going to be a considerable loss. It is impossible to find people who want 'placed' advertising in just the publications and just the amounts you have chosen, especially as the time is mighty short. I really ought to have the 'copy' now. If the contracts were merely for a certain amount of advertising, to be taken at will within a given length of time, it would be different; but they call for a certain space in every issue. However, I want to be as reasonable as possible in justice to myself; so, if you will give me another five thousand to pay me for my trouble and cover the difference in rates, I will assume all the contracts and let you out."

"You go to the devil!" cried Peter.

"Otherwise," added the advertising man, provoked by this display of temper, "I shall hold you for every cent you've got, and your statement of resources will enable me to make you dig up if you try to hide anything."

"You go to the devil!" repeated Peter. "I can sell the space myself at a smaller loss than that."

"As you please," returned the advertising man. "I shall have to have the 'copy' in two days."

Peter was a man of uneven temperament, which means that enthusiasm and apathy alternated: he was either actively optimistic or languidly philosophical. He had been all energy at the inception of his great scheme, but he had become as indifferent as a fatalist when his hopes were destroyed. There would be a loss which couldn't be helped, so why fret about it? He had had a hazy sort of an idea that possibly something might be done, but nothing definite. However, a clear loss of ten thousand dollars, in addition to the

court and other expenses, was enough to set even Peter to thinking.

"That's too much," he muttered. "I thought he'd give me back something out of the first five thousand, instead of demanding another."

So Peter was again thoroughly awakened, and set about the task of disposing of that advertising space with great energy. But he found he had a difficult proposition on his hands. Big advertisers already had their contracts made, and those who cared for "placed" advertising wanted more space than he had at his disposal. Then, too, some of them objected to his list of publications. In fact, he found that all the advertising man had said was true: he had the worst possible arrangement for his present purpose. He thought of proposing to the different publications to take the same value in advertising under a different and more favorable plan, but the job was too big and the time too short. The space selected was even then waiting for his "copy" in many instances. There was no hope of evading payment for it in the first issues, whatever he might succeed in doing later, so this much, at least, would be a dead loss.

This was in Peter's mind as he sat in his office, discouraged, late in the afternoon of the second day. He was roused by a messenger from the advertising man.

"Mr. Adams wants to know if you want your 'ads' to go blanks," said the boy.

"What's that?" demanded Peter.

"You ain't got any 'copy' in yet," explained the boy, "an' it's got to be in pretty quick or you'll be payin' fer blank spaces that won't do you no good."

"Well, by thunder! I'll show people those spaces are mine, anyway," exclaimed Peter, as he reached for a sheet of paper and a pencil.

"I'm not going to be bluffed by Adams or any publisher that ever lived."

Then he wrote on the paper:

THIS SPACE
BELONGS TO

ME !

"Tell him to run that in them all," he instructed.

In half an hour the boy was back.

"Mr. Adams wants to know if you're joking," he said.

"You tell Mr. Adams he's paid to put my 'ads' in the papers and not to ask questions about them!" exclaimed Peter. "I know what I'm doing."

Adams, the advertising man, doubted this last assertion, but he could only follow instructions. Quinby doubted it, also, and the way the doubt was expressed made Peter so angry that he failed to make the confession and explanation he had intended. Being put on the defensive, he stoutly maintained that he "had the thing fixed and would show them a thing or two before he got through." But he refused to explain; he couldn't.

"I know what I'm doing!" he repeated.

"Placing a line of advertising for somebody else?" asked Quinby. "I suppose some people would think that a good way to start in to create comment."

"I can't talk of it yet," said Peter, "and all you've got to do is to keep your mouth shut and look wise."

But that question gave Peter another idea. Instead of trying to sell the space at his disposal, he went in search of something to advertise. He offered to take up several articles and boom them, merely charging a commission in addition to the necessary expenses; but here he found himself in competition with advertising agents

who were better known. Even when he quoted rates that meant a small loss to himself, advertisers were not impressed.

Meanwhile, Quinby's spirit of criticism did not add to Peter's enjoyment of life. Quinby objected to being kept in the dark: he either wanted to know what was going on or he wanted the affair closed up with the least possible loss. But Peter had become obstinate and irascible. He felt that he had made a mistake, but he would not admit it. The more insistent Quinby became, the more determined became Peter.

They were lunching together one day, when a man at the next table opened his paper and remarked to a friend, "I wonder who 'Me' is?"

"Give it up," was the reply. "I've heard a dozen people asking that. Whoever he is, he's got a good thing when he gets ready to spring his advertisement."

Peter turned to Quinby.

"Hear that?" he said. "I tell you I've got the thing fixed, and I know what I'm doing."

For at that moment a great idea came to Peter: the space that he controlled was becoming daily more valuable because of the mystery connected with it. It was not much in each publication, but there were many of these, including some dailies, many weeklies and a few monthlies. So far as possible the same space was reserved in each.

"Somebody is going to pay to take advantage of the curiosity excited," said Peter to himself. "That 'copy' was an inspiration. It's got the one word 'Me' to identify it, and it will fit any line of advertising that may follow it: nothing is barred."

Peter's humor changed. His optimism returned and his irascibility vanished. In nothing did Peter take so much delight as in a scheme—an unusual, deep and mystifying scheme. Before parting from Quinby he

clapped him heartily on the back and exclaimed: "Don't you worry, old man! We're coming out all right." Quinby had become accustomed to Peter's changes of mood, but this was so sudden as to surprise him.

"I hope so," he said, but he was still unconvinced. It occurred to him that Peter might be handling advertising for some one who had bound him to secrecy, but he objected to being kept in the dark. Anyhow, he was not in a position to make a fuss without drawing disagreeable attention to himself, for Peter was in control of their joint fund and a row would bring the advertising agent down on them.

Peter carefully figured up his available assets when he reached his office. Then he took a copy of his advertisement to an artist.

"I want some peculiar and distinctive border for that," he explained; "and I want the lettering put in so as to make the 'Me' particularly prominent and striking."

Returning to his office, he found Adams, the advertising man, waiting for him.

"I'm getting a little nervous about those contracts, Mr. Wells," said Adams. "I can't forget that your statement of resources didn't show sufficient capital to cover the entire period. Of course that was unimportant so long as you had a business that the advertising would help to make profitable, but you admit that you have none now—"

"I admit nothing of the kind," interrupted Peter.

"What!" cried Adams.

"I have a fine business."

"But that advertising—"

"That's my business."

Here was a puzzle that Adams couldn't solve.

"You intend to carry out the contract?" he asked.

"To the letter," replied Peter.

"Then there's the option—"

"Now, see here," put in Peter; "what right have you to pry into my business? You put those contracts in your fire-proof vault and follow my instructions; that's all you've got to do."

"I'll have to have another five thousand dollars. Your 'ads' are small, but there are a good many of them."

"Make it ten thousand," said Peter, reaching for his check-book.

"When are you going to change the 'copy'?" asked Adams.

"When I get ready," replied Peter. "I'll send you over some electrotype plates in a day or so, but the wording is the same."

Then Peter sat down to wait, and nothing could equal the cheerfulness with which he waited. Quinby found him even joyous, but he positively refused to give any explanations.

"Everything is lovely," was all he would say.

The change in the form of the advertisement made it even more effective, and one day he was gratified to hear a manufacturer of novelties say: "I wonder who that 'Me' is? His game has been tried before, but never for so long a time or on quite the same lines. I'd give something for that space myself."

"How much?" asked Peter, suddenly breaking into the conversation.

"Who are you?" demanded the manufacturer.

"That's of no importance, so long as I am in a position to let you have the space," said Peter.

"I'd have to have the right to announce myself as 'Me,'" said the manufacturer.

"Of course," returned Peter, "and you'd have to pay for the previous advertising that made 'Me' so prominent."

"Naturally," said the manufacturer. "How much is it?"

Peter gave him a brief outline of

the extent of the advertising done, the cost to date, and the existing contracts.

"By George!" exclaimed the manufacturer, "I'll take everything off your hands and pay you five thousand dollars cash bonus."

Peter handed him his card.

"When you're really ready to talk business," he said, "come and see me. I don't like to joke about business matters."

Then Peter hunted up Quinby and made a clean breast of the whole affair. Quinby listened with amazement.

"Well, by thunder!" was all the latter could say; "for consummate nerve you beat anything that walks on two legs!"

"I've done a good stroke of business, haven't I?" demanded Peter. "I've made the one little word 'Me' worth five thousand dollars, and I'm going to put it up to twenty-five thousand dollars. I've accomplished more with a little bit of space in a number of publications than most people could accomplish with ten times the space. I've even got people writing letters to the editors to ask who 'Me' is. Why, the other day I saw one letter that facetiously called upon the advertiser to relieve the suspense by making himself known. All we need is a guessing contest as a finishing stroke to the whole business. But you'll have to put up a little more money. I've used all we had, and I haven't any more myself."

As a result of the extended conference that followed Quinby advanced twenty-five thousand dollars, it being conceded that Peter's work and ideas still entitled him to half of the profits. Then Peter contracted for the same location in other publications, much to the astonishment of Adams. Indeed, Adams hesitated to make the contracts until it was demonstrated that more capital had been provided. That seemed to indicate there really was something to the mystifying scheme.

"Now," said Peter, when that was settled, "we'll change the 'copy' a little. We'll keep the same distinctive border and the same 'Me,' but we'll ask, 'Who is "Me"?' and offer five hundred dollars in prizes to the readers who first guess the name of the concern whose advertisement is to appear in that space, and we'll give them occasional clues later. Make that clear."

"I suppose you know what you're doing," remarked Adams.

"Well, it's dead certain you can't tell me," retorted Peter, pleasantly, and Adams had to admit that he was right.

Next Peter went to several men that he thought might be interested, including some of those he had visited when he first tried to sell his contracts. The latter were more tractable now. They had all heard of "Me," and they had all heard many discussions as to the identity of "Me." Some of them saw where they could use that space to advantage, but none offered a bonus for it that Peter considered satisfactory.

"It's going to be worth a good deal more than that," Peter said to each. "Strange things are going to happen directly. You watch that space, and when you think you want it worse than you do now, come and see me. But you'll have to come quick."

He said the same thing to the manufacturer who had first offered him five thousand dollars, when the latter called to increase his offer to ten thousand dollars.

"You don't know how good a thing you'd be getting," Peter told him. "Watch and wait! When I spring my *coup*, you'd better jump for a telephone, because there will be others coming in cabs."

In this Peter was absolutely right. The morning his prize offer appeared it seemed to dawn on all simultaneously that they wanted that space and want-

ed it the worst kind of a way. "Me" had stared people in the face for so long a time that it had been adopted into the slang of the moment. "I'm 'Me'" was considered a joke as an answer to the question, "Who are you?" And now prizes were offered that would still further add to the curiosity of an always curious public, and would keep people turning to that space in the papers and periodicals until their curiosity was satisfied. That space, with its quaint border and mystical "Me," became suddenly worth more than whole pages, especially to the man who had anything new to put on the market. People not only would read whatever appeared there, but they would talk about it and talk a great deal. Most of them would send guesses to the postoffice box given as an address, and the agony could be prolonged by giving one letter of the name at a time. There were a dozen ways in which the thing could be made even more effective, but the bare privilege of ultimately putting a name, business and address in that space, with "Me" above and below (and keeping it there), was of immense value.

Peter found his telephone bell ringing when he reached his office. It was the manufacturer who had made the first offer.

"Coming in a cab," he said. "Don't close any deal till I get there."

"All right," said Peter, and he rang up Quinby.

"Come over here on the jump," he told Quinby. "We get action to-day, and I may want you to bid things up a little."

Then he called up another of the men he had seen previously.

"I think I'll put 'Me' on the market to-day," he said. "Would you like a chance at it?"

"I'll be right over," was the reply.

Peter turned from the telephone

just in time to greet still another of those with whom he had previously dickered.

"I'll pay you a bonus of fifteen thousand dollars over and above all expenses incurred to date and take all the contracts off your hands," said the new arrival.

"Wait," said Peter. "There's going to be an interesting little meeting here presently."

"Fifteen thousand spot cash!"

"Let's talk about the weather," said Peter.

"Sixteen thousand!"

"Do you think it's going to rain?" asked Peter.

"What do you want for it?"

"It's been a dry season," said Peter.

"Wait a minute!" exclaimed the man who had first telephoned, suddenly appearing in the doorway and recognizing a man who seemed to be on a mission similar to his own.

"I'm waiting," said Peter. "We can't do business until our party is complete."

Two others came, and then Quinby, the silent partner. How Peter blessed their luck that Quinby had been so silent.

"Now, gentlemen," said Peter, with a whimsical smile, "we will begin the proceedings by singing that little ballad, 'They're after Me.'"

They all laughed, but they were too anxious to put much heartiness into the laughter.

"I think I have got a good thing," Peter went on; "so good that, since seeing you last, I have contracted for the same location in a number of other publications. That little prize offer of mine appears in all the dailies on my list to-day and will appear in the next issues of the weeklies and monthlies, for the plates were sent out some time ago. I have purposely left it uncertain as to when any name will appear, so as to keep attention on the space

and to enable the man who buys it to end the contest in his own way when he thinks he can do so most effectively. In order that you may thoroughly understand the situation, I have had typewritten copies made of the list of publications in which I have space, the periods for which I have this space, and the options I have secured for a continuation in the same locations, which I will ask you to look over. I think you will agree with me, gentlemen, that I have made even the locations of some little temporary value, especially for 'Me'."

He handed them the typewritten sheets and settled down to the comfortable enjoyment of a cigar. But he watched them closely, and Quinby watched him. Presently, when the others seemed to have gained all necessary information, he nodded to Quinby.

"I've seen enough," said Quinby, replying to the nod. "I'll take these contracts, reimburse you for all expenditures, assume all obligations, and give you twenty-five thousand dollars bonus."

The others looked a little disconcerted. They had not come prepared for quite so stiff a figure. Still, there were more contracts now than when the matter had been previously discussed, and the whole affair had assumed much larger proportions. And it was worth a good deal to a man with some particular thing to put forward (whether old or new) to be able to say he was "Me" under just the right conditions—that is, in the right place in the

right publications, with the right to decide the prize contest and get all the names and addresses that would come with the answers.

One of them made it twenty-six thousand.

"Even fives, gentlemen; even fives," interrupted Peter. "I can't be bothered with fractional currency."

Under the inspiration of this the bid went to thirty thousand, then to thirty-five, where it stuck for a minute. Then it reached forty thousand dollars. Peter, smoking placidly, was watching every face. One of the men was clearly out of it, another was debating, a third was jotting down some figures, but the man who had made the last bid was eager and anxious. Peter gave Quinby a quick look.

"Forty-five thousand!" cried Quinby and the man who had been figuring in unison.

Then Quinby kicked himself, and the other man glared at him. Peter was about to escape a distressing dilemma by saying that he thought the latter spoke first, when the eager and anxious one blurted out, "Fifty thousand!"

"It's yours," said Peter, after a pause. Then, as the others were leaving, he added: "There isn't one man in a thousand who knows what it is that makes advertising space really valuable."

"What is it?" asked one of them.

"Me," said Peter, and he wondered why they didn't laugh more heartily at his little joke.



The Boyheart

BY W. D. NESBIT



THE boyheart! The boyheart!

It lies within your breast,

All ready to go leaping when your soul is at its best—
When on the street there comes to you a whistle or a call,
Or but the echo of a song whose happy measures fall
Upon the chords of memory, and rouse them into life
Until they send a surging thrill as rich as drum or fife!

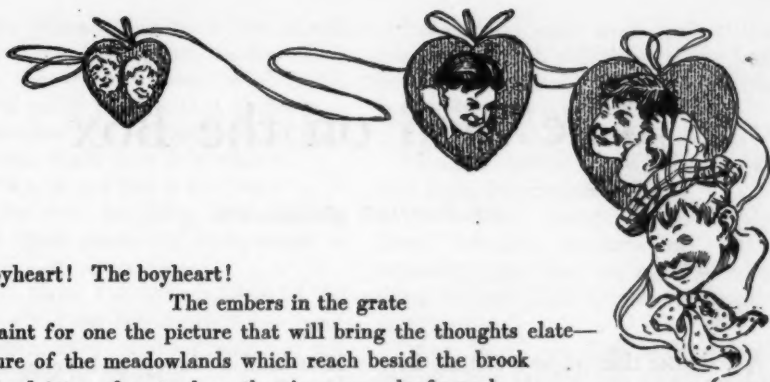


The boyheart! The boyheart!

It may be but a rose

That nods in careless glee at one as idly on he goes;
But instantly he sees a street that wanders up and down
Between the sleepy fences of the quiet little town;
Or maybe 'tis a country road where swaying branches spread
And build an arching canopy of branches overhead.





The boyheart! The boyheart!

The embers in the grate

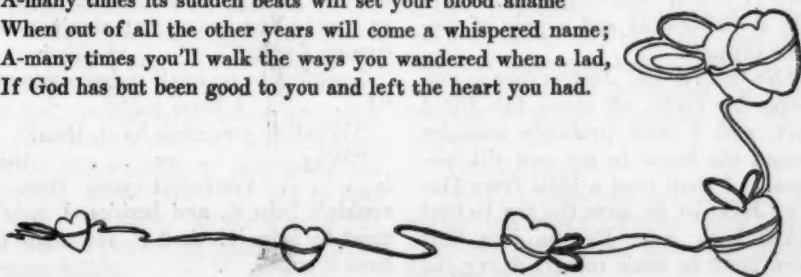
May paint for one the picture that will bring the thoughts elate—
A picture of the meadowlands which reach beside the brook
And blend into a forest where there's many a leafy nook,
Where every tree that waves its arms, and swings and sweeps and sways
Is wafting shouts and laughter from the boytime summer days!



The boyheart! The boyheart!

Pray that you have it yet!

A-many times its tugging thrills will leave your eyelids wet;
A-many times its sudden beats will set your blood aflame
When out of all the other years will come a whispered name;
A-many times you'll walk the ways you wandered when a lad,
If God has but been good to you and left the heart you had.



The Man on the Box

BY HAROLD MACGRATH

V

AT dinner that night I met my hero face to face for the first time in eight years, and for all his calling me a duffer (I learned of this only recently), he was mighty glad to see me, slapped me on the back and threw his arm across my shoulder. And why shouldn't he have been glad? We had been boys together, played hooky many a school-time afternoon, gone over the same fishing grounds, plunged into the same swimming-holes, and smoked our first cigar in the rear of my father's barn; and it is the recollection of such things that cements all the more strongly friendship in man and man. We recalled a thousand episodes and escapades, the lickings we got, and the lickings others got in our stead, the pretty school-teacher whom we swore to wed when we grew up. Nobody else had a chance to get a word in edgewise. But Nancy laughed out loud at times. She had been a witness to many of these long-ago pranks.

"What! you are not going to the ball?" I asked, observing that he wore only a dinner-coat and a pair of morocco slippers.

"No ball for me. Just as soon as you people hie forth, off comes this b'iled shirt, and I shall probably meander around the house in my new silk pajamas. I shall read a little from Homer (Jack, let me have the key to that locked book case; I've an idea that there must be some robust, merry old

tales hidden there) and smoke a few pipes."

"But you are not going to leave Mrs. Warburton and your sister to come home without escort?" I expostulated.

"Where the deuce are you two men going?" Robert asked, surprised. Somehow, I seemed to catch a joyful rather than a sorrowful note in his tones.

"An important conference at midnight, and heaven only knows how long it may last," said Jack. "I wish you would go along, Bob."

"He can't go now, anyhow," said the pretty little wife. "He has got to stay now, whether he will or no. William will see to it that we women get home all right,"—and she busied herself with the salad dishes.

Suddenly I caught Robert's eye, and we stared hard at each other.

"Chuck, you old pirate," he said presently, "what do you mean by coming around and making love to my sister, and getting her to promise to marry you? You know you aren't good enough for her."

I confess to no small embarrassment.

"I . . . I know it!"

"What do you mean by it, then?"

"Why . . . er . . . that is . . . Confound you, Bob, I couldn't help it, and besides, I didn't *want* to help it! And if you want to have it out . . ."

"Oh, pshaw! You know just as well as I do that it is against the law to hit a man that wears glasses. We'll call it quits if you'll promise that in the days to come you'll let me hang around your hymeneal shack once in a while."

"Why, if you put it that way. . .!" And we were laughing and shaking hands again across the table, much to the relief of all concerned.

Dear Nan! I'm not afraid to let the whole world see how much I love you. For where exists man's strength if not in the pride of his love?

"What time does the kid get to sleep?" asked Robert.

"He ought to be asleep now," said Mrs. W. "We shall not reach the embassy until after ten. We have a reception first, and we must leave cards there. Won't you be lonesome here, Bobby?"

"Not the least in the world;" and Bobby began to laugh.

"What's the joke?" I asked.

He looked at me sharply, then shook his head. "I'll tell you all about it tomorrow, Chuck. It's the kind of a joke that has to boil a long time before it gets tender enough to serve."

"I'd give a good deal to know what is going on behind those eyes of yours, Bob." Nancy's eyes searched him ruthlessly, but she might just as well have tried to pierce a stone wall. "You have been laughing all day about something, and I'd like to know what about. It's mischief. I haven't known you all these years for nothing. Now, don't do anything silly, Bob."

"Nancy," reproachfully, "I am a man almost thirty; I have passed the Rubicon of cutting up tricks. Go to the ball, you beauty, dance and revel to your heart's content; your brother Robert will manage to pass away the evening. Don't forget the key to that private case, Jack," as the women left the table to put on the finishing touches to their toilets.

"Here you are," said Jack. "But mind, you must put those books back just as you found them, and lock the case. They are rare editions."

"With the accent on the *rare*."

"I am a student, pure and simple," said Jack, lowering his eyes.

"I wouldn't swear to those adjectives," returned the scalawag. "If I remember, you had the reputation of being a high-jinks man in your class at Princeton."

"Sh! Don't you dare to drag forth any of those fool corpses of college, or out you go, bag and baggage." Jack glanced nervously around the room and toward the hall.

"My dear fellow, your wife wouldn't believe me, no matter what I said against your character. Isn't that right, Chuck? Jack, you are a lucky dog, if there ever was one. A handsome wife who loves you, a kid, a fine home, and plenty of horses. I wonder if you married her for her money?"

Jack's eyes narrowed. "Yes, I believe I can do it as easily as I did fifteen years ago."

"Do what?" I asked.

"Wallop that kid brother of mine. Bob, I hope you'll fall desperately in love some day, and that you will have a devil of a time winning the girl. You need something to stir up your vitals. By George! and I hope she won't have a cent of money."

"Lovable brother, that!" Bob knocked the ash from his cigar and essayed at laughter which wasn't particularly felicitous. "Supposing I was in love, now, and that the girl had heaps of money, and all that?"

"And all that," mimicked the elder brother. "What does 'and all that' mean?"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Well, I hope you *are* in love. It serves you right. You've made more than one girl's heart ache, you good-looking ruffian!"

Then we switched over to politics, and Robert became an interested listener. Quarter of an hour later the women returned, and certainly they made a picture which was most satisfactory to the masculine eye. Ah, thou eager-fingered time, that shall, in days to come, wither the roses in my beauty's cheeks, dim the fire in my beauty's eyes, draw my beauty's bow-lips inward, tarnish the golden hair, and gnarl the slender, shapely fingers, little shall I heed you in your passing if you but leave the heart untouched.

Bob jumped to his feet and kissed them both, a thing I lacked the courage to do. How pleased they looked! How a woman loves flattery from those she loves!

Well, William is in front with the carriage; the women are putting on their cloaks, and I am admiring the luxurious crimson fur-lined garment which brother Robert had sent to Nancy from Paris. You will see by this that he was not altogether a thoughtless lad. Good-by, Mr. Robert; I leave you and your guiding-star to bolt the established orbit; for after this night the world will never be the same careless, happy-go-lucky world. The farce has its tragedy, and what tragedy is free of the ludificatory? Youth must run its course, even as the gay, wild brook must riot on its way to join the sober river.

I dare say that we hadn't been gone twenty minutes before Robert stole out to the stables, only to return immediately with a bundle under his arm and a white felt hat perched rakishly on his head. He was chuckling audibly to himself.

"It will frighten the girls half to death. A gray horse and a bay; oh, I won't make any mistake. Let me see; I'll start about twelve o'clock. That'll get me on the spot just as the boys leave. This is the richest yet. I'll wager that there will be some tall

screaming." And he continued chuckling as he helped himself to his brother's perfectos and fine old Scotch. I don't know what book he found in the private case; some old rascal's merry tales, no doubt; for my hero's face was never in repose.

We had left Mrs. the Secretary of the Interior's and were entering the red brick mansion on Connecticut Avenue. Carriages lined both sides of the street, and mounted police patrolled up and down.

"I do hope Bob will not wake up the baby," said Mrs. W.

"Probably he won't even take the trouble to look at him," replied Jack; "not if he gets into that private case of mine."

"I can't understand what you men see in those horrid chronicles," Nancy declared.

"My dear girl," said Jack, "in those days there were no historians; they were simply story-tellers, and we get our history from these tales. The tales themselves are not very lofty, I am willing to admit; but they give us a general idea of the times in which the characters lived. This is called literature by the wise critics."

"Critics!" said I; "humph! Criticism is always a lazy man's job. When no two critics think alike, of what use is criticism?"

"Ah, yes; I forgot. That book of essays you wrote got several sound drubbings. Nevertheless," continued Jack, "what you offer is in the main true. Time alone is the true critic. Let him put his mark of approval on your work, and not all the critical words can bury it nor hinder its light. But time does not pass his opinion till long after one is dead. The first waltz, dearest, if you think you can stand it. You mustn't get tired, little mother."

"I am wonderfully strong to-night,"

said the little mother. "How beautifully it is arranged."

"What?" we men asked, looking over the rooms.

"The figures on Mrs. Secretary of State's gown. The lace is beautiful. Your brother, Nan, has very good taste for a man. That cloak of yours is by far the handsomest thing I have seen to-night; and that bit of scarf he sent me isn't to be matched."

"Poor boy!" sighed Nancy. "I wonder if he'll be lonely? It's a shame to leave him home the very first night."

"Why didn't he come, then?" Mrs. W. shrugged her polished shoulders.

"Oh, my cigars and Scotch are fairly comforting," put in Jack, complacently. "Besides, Jane isn't at all bad looking," winking at me. "What do you say, Charlie?"

But Charlie had no time to answer. The gray-haired, gray-whiskered ambassador was bowing pleasantly to us. A dozen notable military and naval attachés nodded; and we passed on to the ball-room, where the orchestra was playing "A Summer's Night in Munich." In a moment Jack and his wife were lost in the maze of gleaming shoulders and white linen. It was a picture such as few men, once having witnessed, can forget. Here were the great men in the great world: this man was an old rear-admiral, destined to become the nation's hero soon; there, a famous general, of long and splendid service; celebrated statesmen, diplomats, financiers; a noted English duke; a scion of the Hapsburg family; an intimate of the German Kaiser; a swart Jap; a Chinaman with his peacock feather; tens of men whose lightest word was listened to by the four ends of the world; representatives of all the great kingdoms and states. The president and his handsome wife had just left as we came, so we missed that formality, which detracts from the pleasures of the ball-room.

"Who is that handsome young fellow over there, standing at the side of the Russian ambassador's wife?" asked Nancy, pressing my arm.

"Where? Oh, he's Count Karloff (or something which sounds like it), a wealthy Russian, in some way connected with the Russian government; a diplomat and a capital fellow, they say. I have never met him. . . . Hello! there's a stunning girl right next to him that I haven't seen before. . . . Where are you going?"

Nancy had dropped my arm and was gliding, kitty-corner fashion, across the floor. Presently she and the stunning girl had saluted each other after the impulsive fashion of American girls, and were playing cat-in-the-cradle, to the amusement of those foreigners nearest. A nod, and I was threading my way to Nancy's side.

"Isn't it glorious?" she began. "This is Miss Annesley, Charlie; Betty, Mr. Henderson." Miss Annesley looked mildly curious at Nan, who suddenly flushed. "We are to be married in the spring," she explained shyly; and I dare say that I had a diffident expression on my own face.

Miss Annesley gave me her hand, smiling. "You are a very fortunate man, Mr. Henderson."

"Not the shadow of a doubt!" Miss Annesley, I frankly admitted on the spot, was, next to Nancy, the handsomest girl I ever saw; and as I thought of Mr. Robert in his den at home, I sincerely pitied him. And I was willing to advance the opinion that had he known, a pair of crutches would not have kept him away from No. 1300 Connecticut Avenue.

I found three chairs, and we sat down. I found very little opportunity to talk. Women always have so much to say to each other, even when they have seen each other within twenty-four hours. From time to time Miss Annesley glanced at me, and I am posi-

tive that Nancy was extolling my charms. It was rather embarrassing, and I was balling my gloves up in a most dreadful fashion. As they seldom addressed a word to me, I soon became absorbed in the passing scene. I was presently aroused, however.

"Mr. Henderson, Count Karloff," Miss Annesley was saying. (Karloff is a name of my own choosing. I haven't the remotest idea if it means anything in the Russian language.)

"Charmed!" The count's r's were very pleasantly rolled. I could see by the way his gaze roved from Miss Annesley to Nancy that he was puzzled to decide which came the nearer to his ideal of womanhood.

I found him a most engaging fellow, surprisingly well-informed on American topics. I credit myself with being a fairly good reader of faces, and reading his as he bent it in Miss Annesley's direction, I began to worry about Mr. Robert's course of true love. Here was a man who possessed a title, was handsome, rich, and of assured social position: it would take an extraordinary American girl to look coldly upon his attentions. By and by the two left us, Miss Annesley promising to call on Nancy.

"And where are you staying, Betty?"

"Father and I have taken Senator Blank's house in Chevy Chase for the winter. My horses are already in the stables. Do you ride?"

"I do."

"Then we shall have some great times together."

"Be sure and call. I want you to meet my brother."

"I believe I have," replied Miss Annesley.

"I mean my younger brother, a lieutenant in the Army."

"Oh, then you have two brothers?"

Karloff's face assumed a sudden interest. "Warrrrburton?"

"Yes," said Nancy.

"I have recollect him. I have met him on ship. He plays—ah—poker very well." Whereat we all laughed.

"The dance is dying, Mademoiselle," said the count in French.

"Your arm, Monsieur. *Au revoir*, Nancy."

"Poor Bobby!" Nancy folded her hands and sighed mournfully. "It appears to me that his love affair is not going to run very smooth. But isn't she just beautiful, Charlie? What color, what style!"

"She's a stunner, I'm forced to admit. Bob'll never stand a ghost of a show against that Russian. He's a great social catch, and is backed by many pokeys."

"How unfortunate we did not know that she would be here! Bobby would have met her at his best, and his best is more to my liking than the count's. He has a way about him that the women like. He's no laggard. But money ought not to count with Betty. She is worth at least a quarter of a million. Her mother left all her property to her, and her father acts only as a trustee. Senator Blank's house rents for eight thousand the season. It's ready furnished, you know, and one of the handsomest homes in Washington. Besides, I do not trust those foreigners,"—taking a remarkably abrupt curve, as it were.

"There's two B's in your bonnet, Nancy," I laughed.

"Never mind the B's; let us have the last of this waltz."

This is not my own true story; so I shall bow off and permit my hero to follow the course of true love, which is about as rough-going a thoroughfare as the many roads of life have to offer.

VI

At eleven-thirty he locked up his book and took to his room the mysterious bundle which he had purloined from the stables. It contained the

complete livery of a groom. The clothes fitted rather snugly, especially across the shoulders. He stood before the pier-glass, and a complacent (not to say roguish) smile flitted across his face. The black half-boots, the white doeskin breeches, the brown brass-buttoned frock, and the white hat with the brown cockade. . . . Well, my word for it, he was the handsomest jehu Washington ever turned out. With a grin he touched his hat to the reflection in the glass, and burst out laughing. His face was as smooth as a baby's, for he had generously sacrificed his beard.

I can hear him saying to himself: "Lord, but this is a lark! I'll have to take another Scotch to screw up the edge of my nerve. Won't the boys laugh when they hear how I stirred the girls' frizzes! We'll have a little party here when they all get home. It's a good joke."

Mr. Robert did not prove much of a prophet. Many days were to pass ere he reëntered his brother's house.

He stole quietly from the house. He hadn't proceeded more than a block when he became aware of the fact that he hadn't a penny in his clothes. This discovery disquieted him, and he half turned about to go back. He couldn't go back. He had no key.

"Pshaw! I won't need any money;" and he started off again toward Connecticut Avenue. He dared not hail a car, and he would not have dared had he possessed the fare. Some one might recognize him. He walked briskly for ten minutes. The humor of the escapade appealed to him greatly, and he had all he could do to smother the frequent bursts of laughter which surged to his lips. He reached absently for his cigar-case. No money, no cigars. "That's bad. Without a cigar I'm likely to get nervous. Scraping off that beard made me forgetful. Jove! with these fleshings I feel as self-con-

scious as an untried chorus girl. These togs can't be very warm in the winter. Ha! that must be the embassy where all those lights are; carriages. *Al-lons!*"

To make positive, he stopped a pedestrian.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, touching his hat, "but will you be so kind as to inform me if yonder is the British embassy?"

"It is, my man," replied the gentleman.

"Thank you, sir."

And each passed on to his affairs.

"Now for William; we must find William, or the joke will be on Robert."

He manœvered his way through the congested thoroughfare, searching the faces of the grooms and footmen. He dodged hither and thither, and was once brought to a halt by the mounted police.

"Here, you! What d'ye mean by runnin' around like this? Lost yer carriage, hey? I've a mind to run ye in. Y' know th' rules relatin' th' leavin' of yer box in times like these. Been takin' a sly nip, probably, an' they've sent yer hack down a peg. Get a gait on y', now."

Warburton laughed silently as he made for the sidewalk. The first man he plumped into was William, a very much worried William, too. Robert could have fallen on his neck for joy. All was plain sailing now.

"I'm very glad to see you, sir," said William. "I was afraid you could not get them clothes on, sir. I was getting a trifle worried, too. Here's the carriage number."

Warburton glanced hastily at it and stuffed it into a convenient pocket.

"It's sixteen carriages up, sir; a bay and a gray. You can't miss them. The bay, being a saddle-horse, is a bit restive in the harness; but all you have to do is to touch him with the whip.

And don't try to push ahead of your turn, or you will get into trouble with the police. They are very strict. And don't let them confuse you, sir. The numbers won't be in rotation. You'll hear one hundred and fifteen, and the next moment thirty-five, like as not. It's all according as to how the guests are leaving. Good luck to you, sir, and don't forget to explain it all thoroughly to Mr. Warburton, sir."

"Don't you worry, William; we'll come out of this with colors flying."

"Very well, sir. I shall hang around till you are safely off,"—and William disappeared.

Warburton could occasionally hear the faint strains of music. From time to time the carriage-caller bawled out a number, and the carriage would roll up under the porte-cochère. Warburton concluded that it would be a good plan to hunt up his rig. His search did not last long. The bay and the gray stood only a little way from the gate. The box was vacant, and he climbed up and gathered the reins. He sat there for some time, longing intensely for a cigar, a good cigar, such as gentlemen smoked.

"Seventeen!" came hoarsely along on the wings of the night. "Number seventeen, and lively there!"

Warburton's pulse doubled its beat. His number!

"Skt!" The gray and the bay started forward, took the half-circle, and stopped under the porte-cochère. Warburton recollected that a fashionable groom never turned his head unless spoken to; so he leveled his gaze at his horses' ears and waited. But from the very corner of his eye he caught the glimpse of two women, one of whom was enveloped in a crimson cloak. He thrilled with exultation. What a joke it was! He felt the carriage list as the women stepped in. The door slammed to, and the rare good joke was on the way.

"Off with you!" cried the pompous footman, with an imperious wave of the hand. "Number ninety-nine!"

"Ninety - nine! Ninety - nine!" bawled the carriage man.

Our jehu turned into the avenue, holding a tolerable rein. He clucked and lightly touched the horses with the lash. *This* was true sport; *this* was humor, genuine, initiative, unforced. He could imagine the girls and their fright when he finally slowed down, opened the door, and kissed them both. Wouldn't they let out a yell, though? His plan was to drive furiously for half a dozen blocks, zigzag from one side of the street to the other, taking the corners sharply, and then making for Scott Circle.

Now, a lad of six can tell the difference between seventeen and seventy-one. But this astonishing jehu of mine had been conspicuous as the worst mathematician and the best soldier in his class at West Point. No more did he remember that he was not in the wild West, and that here in the East there were laws prohibiting reckless driving.

He drove decently enough till he struck Dupont Circle. From here he turned into New Hampshire, thinking it to be Rhode Island. Mistake number two. He had studied the city map, but he was conscious of not knowing it as well as need must know it; but, true to his nature, he trusted to luck.

Aside from all this, he forgot that a woman might appreciate this joke only when she heard it recounted. To live through it was altogether a different matter. In an episode like this, a woman's imagination, given the darkness such as usually fills a carriage at night, becomes a round of terrors. Every moment is freighted with death or disfigurement. Her nerves are like the taut strings of a harp in a wintry wind, ready to snap at any moment; and then, hysteria. With man the play, and only the play, is the thing.

Snap-crack! The surprised horses, sensitive and quick-tempered as all highly organized beings are, nearly leaped out of the harness. Never before had their flanks received a more unwarrantable stroke of the lash. They reared and plunged, and broke into a mad gallop, which was exactly what the rascal on the box desired. An expert horseman, he gaged the strength of the animals the moment they bolted, and he knew that they were his. Once the rubber-tired vehicle slid sidewise on the wet asphalt, and he heard a stifled scream.

He laughed, and let forth a sounding "whoop," which in no wise allayed the fright of the women inside the carriage. He wheeled into S Street, scraping the curb as he did so. Pedestrians stopped and stared after him. A policeman waved his club helplessly, even hopelessly. On, on: to Warburton's mind this ride was as wild as that which the Bishop of Vannes took from Belle-Isle to Paris in the useless effort to save Fouquet from the wrath of Louis XIV, and to anticipate the pregnant discoveries of one D'Artagnan. The screams were renewed. A hand beat against the forward window and a muffled but wrathful voice called forth a command to stop. This voice was immediately drowned by another's prolonged scream. Our jehu began to find all this very interesting, very exciting.

"I'll wager a dollar that Nan isn't doing that screaming. The Warburtons never cry out when they are frightened. Hang it!" suddenly; "this street doesn't look familiar. I ought to have reached Scott Circle by this time. Ah! here's a broader street," going lickety-clip into Vermont.

A glass went jingling to the pavement.

"Oho! Nancy will be jumping out the next thing. This will never do." He began to draw in.

Hark! His trained trooper's ear heard other hoofs beating on the iron-like surface of the pavement. Worriedly he turned his head. Five blocks away there flashed under one of the arc-lights, only to disappear in the shadow again, two mounted policemen.

"By George! it looks as if the girls were going to have their fun, too!" He laughed, but there was a nervous catch in his voice. He hadn't counted on any policemen taking part in the comedy. "Where the devil is Scott Circle, anyhow?" fretfully. He tugged at the reins. "Best draw up at the next corner. I'll be hanged if I know where I am."

He braced himself, sawed with the reins, and presently the frightened and somewhat wearied horses slowed down into a trot. This he finally brought to a walk. One more pull, and they came to a stand. It would be hard to say which breathed the heaviest, the man or the horses. Warburton leaped from the box, opened the door, and waited. He recognized the necessity of finishing the play before the mounted police arrived on the scene.

There was a commotion inside the carriage, then a woman in a crimson cloak stepped (no, jumped!) out. Mr. Robert threw his arms around her and kissed her cheek.

"You . . . vile . . . wretch!"

Warburton sprang back, his hands applied to his stinging face.

"You drunken wretch, how dare you!"

"Nan, it's only I . . ." he stammered.

"Nan!" exclaimed the young woman, as her companion joined her. The light from the corner disclosed the speaker's wrathful features, disdainful lips, palpitating nostrils, eyes darting terrible glances. "Nan! Do you think, ruffian, that you are driving serving-maids?"

"Good Lord!" Warburton stepped

back still farther; stepped back speechless, benumbed, terror-struck. The woman he was gazing at was anybody in the world but his sister Nancy!

VII

"Officers, arrest this fellow!" commanded the young woman. Her gesture was Didoesque in its wrath.

"That we will, ma'am!" cried one of the policemen, flinging himself from his horse. "So it's you, me gay buck? Thirty days fer you, an' mebbe more. I didn't like yer looks from th' start. You're working some kind of a trick. What complaint, ma'am?"

"Drunkenness and abduction," rubbing the burning spot on her cheek.

"That'll be rather serious. Ye'll have to appear against him in th' mornin', ma'am."

"I certainly shall do so." She promptly gave her name, address and telephone number.

"Bill, you drive th' ladies home an' I'll see this bucko to th' station. Here, you!" to Warburton, who was still dumb with astonishment at the extraordinary dénouement to his innocent joke. "Git on that horse, an' lively, too, or I'll rap ye with th' club."

"It's all a mistake, officer . . . I . . ."

"Close yer face an' git on that horse. Y' can tell th' judge all that in th' mornin'. I ain't got no time t' listen. Bill, report just as soon as ye see th' ladies home. Now, off with ye. Th' ladies'll be wantin' somethin' t' quiet their nerves. Git on that horse, me frisky groom; hustle!" Warburton mechanically climbed into the saddle. It never occurred to him to parley, to say that he couldn't ride a horse. The inventive cells of his usually fertile brain lay passive. "Now," went on the officer, mounting his own nag, "will ye go quietly? If ye don't,

I'll plug ye in th' leg with a forty-eight. I won't stan' no nonsense."

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Warburton, with a desperate effort to collect his energies.

"Lock ye up, mebbe throw a pail of water on that overheated cocoanut of yours."

"But if you'll only let me explain to you! It's all a joke; I got the wrong carriage . . ."

"Marines, marines! D' ye think I was born yestiddy? Ye wanted th' ladies' sparklers, or I'm a dough-head." The police are the same all over the world; the original idea sticks to them, and truth in voice or presence is but sign of deeper cunning and villainy. "Anyhow, ye can't run around Washington like ye do in England, me cockney. Ye can't drive more 'n a hundred miles an hour on these pavements."

"But, I tell you . . ." Warburton, realizing where his escapade was about to lead him, grew desperate. The ignominy of it! He would be the laughing-stock of all the town on the morrow. The papers would teem with it. "You'll find that you are making a great mistake. If you will only take me to—Scott Circle . . ."

"Where ye have a pal with a gun, eh? Git ahead!" And the two made off toward the west.

Once or twice the officer found himself admiring the easy seat of his prisoner; and if the horse had been anything but a trained animal, he would have worried some regarding the ultimate arrival at the third-precinct.

Half a dozen times Warburton was of a mind to make a bolt for it, but he did not dare trust the horse or his knowledge of the streets. He had already two counts against him, disorderly conduct and abduction, and he had no desire to add uselessly a third, that of resisting an officer, which seems the greatest possible crime a man can

commit and escape hanging. Oh, for a mettlesome nag! There would be no police-station for him, then. Police-station! Heavens, what should he do? His brother, his sister; their dismay, their shame; not counting that he himself would be laughed at from one end of the continent to the other. What an ass he had made of himself! He wondered how much money it would take to clear himself, and at the same moment recollected that he hadn't a cent in his clothes. A sweat of terror moistened his brow.

"What were ye up to, anyway?" asked the policeman. "What kind of booze have ye been samplin'?"

"I've nothing to say."

"Ye speak clear enough. So much th' worse, if ye ain't drunk. Was ye crazy t' ride like that? Ye might have killed th' women an' had a bill of manslaughter brought against ye."

"I have nothing to say; it is all a mistake. I got the wrong number and the wrong carriage."

"Th' devil ye did! An' where was ye goin' t' drive th' other carriage at that thunderin' rate? It won't wash. His honor'll be stone-deaf when ye tell him that. You're drunk, or have been."

"Not to-night."

"Well, I'd give me night off t' know what ye were up to. Don't ye know nothin' about ordinances an' laws? An' I wouldn't mind havin' ye tell me why ye threw yer arms around th' lady an' kissed her," shrewdly.

Warburton started in his saddle. He had forgotten all about that part of the episode. His blood warmed suddenly and his cheeks burned. He had kissed her, kissed her soundly, too, the most radiantly beautiful woman in all the world. Why, come to think of it, it was easily worth a night in jail. Yes, by George, he *had* kissed her, kissed that blooming cheek, and but for this policeman, would have forgot-

ten! Whatever happened to him, she wouldn't forget in a hurry. He laughed. The policeman gazed at him in pained surprise.

"Well, ye seem t' take it good an' hearty."

"If you could only see the humor in it, my friend, you'd laugh, too."

"Oh, I would, hey? All I got t' say is that yer nerve gits me. An' ye stand a pretty good show of bein' rounded up for more'n thirty days, too. Well, ye've had yer joke; mebbe ye have th' price t' pay th' fiddler. Turn here."

The rest of the ride was gone in silence, Warburton gazing callously ahead and the officer watching him with a wary eye to observe any suggestive movement. He couldn't make out this chap. There was something wrong, some deep-dyed villainy, of this he hadn't the slightest doubt. It was these high-toned swells that were the craftiest and most daring. Handsome is that handsome does. Quarter of an hour later they arrived at the third-precinct, where our jehu became registered for the night under the name of James Osborne. He was hustled into a small cell and left to himself.

He had kissed her! Glory of glories! He had pressed her to his very heart, besides. After all, they couldn't do anything very serious to him. They could not prove the charge of abduction. He stretched himself upon the cot, smiled, arranged his legs comfortably, wondered what she was thinking of at this moment, and fell asleep. It was a sign of a good constitution and a decently white conscience. And thus they found him in the morning. They touched his arm, and he awoke with a smile, the truest indication of a man's amiability. At first he was puzzled as he looked blinkingly from his jailers to his surroundings and then back at his jailers. Then it all returned to

him, and he laughed. Now the law, as represented and upheld by its petty officers, possesses a dignity that is instantly ruffled by the sound of laughter from a prisoner; and Mr. Robert was roughly told to shut up, and that he'd soon laugh on the other side of his mouth.

"All right, officers, all right; only make allowances for a man who sees the funny side of things." Warburton stood up and shook himself, and picked up his white hat. They eyed him intelligently. In the morning light the young fellow didn't appear to be such a rascal. It was plainly evident that he had *not* been drunk the preceding night; for his eyes were not shot with red veins nor did his lips lack their usual healthy moisture. The officer who had taken him in charge, being a shrewd and trained observer, noted the white hands, soft and well-kept. He shook his head.

"Look here, me lad, you're no groom, not by several years. Now, what th' devil was ye up to, anyway?"

"I'm not saying a word, sir," smiled Warburton. "All I want to know is, am I to have any breakfast? I shouldn't mind some peaches and cream or grapes to start with, and a small steak and coffee."

"Ye wouldn't mind, hey?" mimicked the officer. "What d'ye think this place is, th' Metropolitan Club? Ye'll have yer bacon an' coffee, an' be glad t' git it. They'll feed ye in th' mess-room. Come along."

Warburton took his time over the coffee and bacon. He wanted to think out a reasonable defense without unmasking himself. He was thinking how he could get word to me, too. The "duffer" might prove a friend in need.

"Now where?" asked Warburton, wiping his mouth.

"T' th' court. It'll go hard with ye if yer handed over t' th' grand jury

on th' charge of abduction. Ye'd better make a clean breast of it. I'll speak a word for yer behavior."

"Aren't you a little curious?"

"It's a part of me business," gruffly.

"I'll have my say to the judge," said Warburton.

"That's yer own affair. Come."

Once outside, Warburton lost color and a large particle of his nonchalance; for an open patrol stood at the curb.

"Have I got to ride in that?" disgustedly.

"As true as life; an' if ye make any disturbance, so much th' worse."

Warburton climbed in, his face red with shame and anger. He tied his handkerchief around his chin and tilted his hat far down over his eyes.

"Fraid of meetin' some of yer swell friends, hey? Ten t' one, yer a swell an' was runnin' away with th' wrong woman. Mind, I have an eye on ye."

The patrol rumbled over the asphalt on the way down-town. Warburton buried his face in his hands. Several times they passed a cigar-store, and his mouth watered for a good cigar, the taste of a clear Havana.

He entered the police-court, not lacking in curiosity. It was his first experience with this arm of the civil law. He wasn't sure that he liked it. It wasn't an inviting place with its bare benches and its motley, tawdry throng. He was plumped into a seat between some ladies of irregular habits, and the stale odor of intoxicants, mingling with cheap perfumery, took away the edge of his curiosity.

"Hello, pretty boy; jag?" asked one of these faded beauties in an undertone. She nudged him with her elbow.

"No, sweetheart," he replied, smiling in spite of himself.

"Aw gowan! Been pinching some one's wad?"

"Nope?"

"What are you here for, then?"

"Having a good time without anybody's consent. If you will listen, you will soon hear all about it."

"Silence there, on the bench!" bawled the clerk, whacking the desk.

"Say, Marie," whispered the woman to her nearest neighbor, "here's a boy been selling his master's harness and got pinched."

"But look at the sweet things coming in, will you! Ain't they swell, though?" whispered Marie, nodding a skinny feather toward the door.

Warburton glanced indifferently in the direction indicated, and received a shock. Two women, and both wore very heavy black veils. The smaller of the two inclined her body, and he was sure that her scrutiny was for him. He saw her say something into the ear of her companion, and repeat it to one of the court lawyers. The lawyer approached the desk, and in his turn whispered a few words into the judge's ear. The magistrate nodded. Warburton was conscious of a blush of shame. This was a nice position for any respectable woman to see him in!

"James Osborne!" called the clerk.

An officer beckoned to James, and he made his way to the prisoner's box. His Honor looked him over coldly.

"Name?"

"James Osborne."

"Born here?"

"No."

"Say 'sir'."

"No, sir."

"Where were you born?"

"In New York State."

"How old are you? And don't forget to say 'sir' when you reply to my questions."

"I am twenty-eight, sir."

"Married?"

"No, sir."

"How long have you been engaged as a groom?"

"Not very long, sir."

"How long?"

"Less than twenty-four hours, sir."

Surprise rippled over the faces of the audience on the benches.

"Humph! You are charged with disorderly conduct, reckless driving, and attempted abduction. The last charge has been withdrawn, fortunately for you, sir. Have you ever been up before?"

"Up, sir?"

"A prisoner in a police court."

"No, sir."

"Twenty-five for reckless driving and ten for disorderly conduct; or thirty days."

"Your Honor, the horses ran away."

"Yes, urged by your whip."

"I was not disorderly, sir."

"The officer declares that you had been drinking."

"Your Honor, I got the wrong carriage. My number was seventeen and I answered to number seventy-one." He wondered if *she* would believe this statement.

"I suppose that fully explains why you made a race-track of one of our main thoroughfares?" sarcastically. "You were on the wrong carriage to begin with."

"All I can say, sir, is that it was a mistake."

"The mistake came in when you left your carriage to get a drink. You broke the law right then. Well, if a man makes mistakes, he must pay for them, here or elsewhere. This mistake will cost you thirty-five."

"I haven't a penny in my clothes, sir."

"Officer, lock him up, and keep him locked up till the fine is paid. I can not see my way to remit it. Not another word,"—as Warburton started to protest.

"Marie Johnson, Mabel Tynner, Belle Lisle!" cried the clerk.

The two veiled ladies left the court precipitately.

James, having been ushered into a cell, hurriedly called for pen and ink and paper. At half after ten that morning the following note reached me:

"Dear Chuck: Am in a devil of a scrape at the police-court. Tried to play a joke on the girls last night by

dressing up in the groom's clothes. Got the wrong outfit, and was arrested. Bring thirty-five and a suit of clothes the quickest ever. And, for mercy's sake, say nothing to any one, least of all the folks. Now, hustle. Bob."

I hustled.

(To be continued.)

Donald Davy

BY DANIEL KELLEY

DONALD DAVY, do you know
Where my heart has been to-day?
In the house of long-ago
Where we used to read and play.

Blazing hearth and boy-worn rug,
Apples and brown jelly-tarts,
And the books we oft would hug
Tight against our beating hearts;

Back to these I went again,
Lay before the fire and read,
Ate the tarts and apples, then
Laughed with you and sighed for bed.

Felt your fingers close in mine,
And your whisper in my ear,
Lest another should divine
What was but for me to hear.

Told the stories as of old,
Planned the things that were to be,
Listened while you did unfold
All your secret thoughts to me.

Donald Davy—what a name!
Still as dear and still as true;
Better than all wealth and fame—
Donald Davy, here's to you!

The Last Days of the Stoddards

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD, Poet, Critic, Book-Lover; ELIZABETH DREW BARSTOW STODDARD, Poet and Novelist; LORIMER STODDARD, Dramatist, Actor, Poet, Art Photographer.

BY EARLE HOOKER EATON

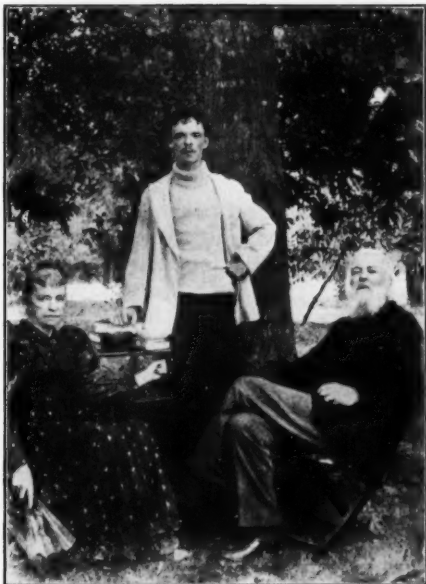
IN romance and in tragic pathos the closing days of Richard Henry Stoddard, "dean of American poets," bibliophile, editor and critic, whose "Recollections, Personal and Literary," were recently published, will rank in the literary annals of America with the last days of his contemporary, the ill-fated Edgar Allan Poe.

In the case of each poet sorrow's cup had been drained to the very dregs. Poe's dark days dated from the time when his beautiful young wife, Virginia, died of consumption. Stoddard's loss was even greater, for in 1901 the same dread disease caused the death of his only son, Lorimer, the young actor-dramatist, whose plays, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "In the Palace of the King," had won fame and fortune; and less than a year later Mrs. Stoddard, poet, novelist and his sweetheart of half a century, also passed away,

leaving the aged bard heart-broken and alone.

Before the eclipse "The Stoddards" composed one of the most picturesque and interesting literary families on

this side of the Atlantic, and the "Recollections," edited by Ripley Hitchcock, with an introduction by Edmund Clarence Stedman, cover sixty years of American literature and are rich in humor, reminiscence and critical estimate. The Stoddard home in Fifteenth Street, near Stuyvesant Park, New York, had been for thirty years or more a salon in which famous poets, novelists, actors and statesmen met. Their host was the acquaintance of Poe, Irving, Willis, Morris and Artemus Ward, and the friend of Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Halleck Baker, Whittier, Bryant, Bayard Taylor, James T. Fields, Thackeray, Eugene Field, Howells, Stedman, Edwin



Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard and Lorimer Stoddard

Booth, Lawrence Barrett, John Hay and scores of other celebrities, and if the walls of the quaint old house could speak, what quips and jests and interesting tales they would tell!

To Eugene Field at least "The Stoddards" were an inspiration, and his poetic description of them was by all odds the best ever written. To Field the Stoddard home was

A cosy, cheerful refuge for the weary,
homesick guest,
Combining Yankee comforts with the
freedom of the West,

and the literary storehouse, packed
with rare first editions, manuscripts of
famous authors and curios of great
value, made Field, the book-lover, a
decidedly covetous individual.

Books — always books — are piled
around, some musty and all old,
Tall, solemn folios, such as Lamb de-
clared he loved to hold;
Large paper copies, with their virgin
margins white and wide,
And presentation volumes, with the
author's comps. inside.
I break the tenth commandment with
a wild, impassioned cry:
"Oh, how came Stoddard by these
things? Why Stoddard and
not I?"

And yet, after Field had seen the
locks of hair of Milton, Washington
and Bryant, after he had read auto-
graph letters of Poe, Lowell, Brown-
ing, Dickens, Taylor and Booth, and
precious manuscripts of Petrarch,
Thackeray, Dickens, Burns, Ten-
nyson, Mrs. Browning, Holmes, Em-
erson, Longfellow, Taylor and others;
after he had lovingly fondled rare old
tomes that had once been owned by
Milton, Keats, Byron, Gray, Sterne,
Pope, Southey and Shakespeare, the
Western poet, turning to the alcove

where Mrs. Stoddard sat, was com-
pelled gallantly to admit:

That if you asked me to suggest which
one I should prefer
Of all the Stoddard treasures, I should
promptly mention her.

Richard Henry Stoddard's fondness
for books must have been born in him,
for he was a lover of the British poets
and an ardent bibliomaniac at the ten-
der age of fourteen.

"Sometimes," he said, not long be-
fore he died, "I would loiter in front
of an old book store, surreptitiously
reading free of charge volumes of
poetry which I was unable to buy."

He was then an errand boy, working
hard to aid in the support of his wid-
owed mother and himself, for his
father, the young captain of the brig
"Royal Arch," was lost at sea while
en route to Gothenburg, Sweden, when
the future poet was an infant of two
or three years of age. His natural,
innate longing to be a poet was stimu-
lated by the classic lines of Shelley,
Wordsworth and his beloved Keats, and
when at eighteen his soul was filled with
the divine afflatus, he became from dire
necessity—an iron molder's apprentice,
at two dollars and twenty-five cents the
week!

By day he worked at his trade; at
night he studied and wrote. Deter-
mined to rise in the world, he slowly
and laboriously educated himself. Such
were the humble beginnings of the office
boy and iron molder who fought his
way upward through poverty and ad-
verse conditions until he became "dean
of American poets."

Early in 1901 Lorimer Stoddard
was sent to a sanitarium in Liberty, N.
Y., a victim of pulmonary tuberculosis.
Hard work, worry and his malady had
reduced him so that sitting out doors
all day—"taking the cure," as it is
called—was a sore trial to him. But



Richard Henry Stoddard's Study

he met the trial bravely, and, warmly clad in a big ulster, with arctics on his feet and a steamer rug about his knees, he sat on the veranda of his cottage facing the Liberty gales and snows eight hours or more each day.

"If I do not get well," he said one stormy morning, "you can charge it to 'In the Palace of the King.' I worked night and day on it, ran myself down to not far above eighty pounds, and when the play was an artistic and financial success, my enjoyment of its fruits lasted just one week—then I came *here!*"

His white-haired mother, Elizabeth Drew Barstow Stoddard, poet and novelist, was with him in spirit if not in the flesh. She wrote him long letters daily, and they were as welcome to him as the missives of a sweetheart. Such bright and cheering letters they were, full of wit, gossip, incident and a mother's love and anxiety. His general condition was so promising that he was permitted to go home for ten

days in May, and the writer accompanied him as his guest. That "Lorry," as his mother called him, was fairly idolized by his aged parents, none who saw them together could doubt for a moment. They were overjoyed to have him with them again, but they feared his visit to New York would injure him and worried about him constantly. If he did not retire until late, they sat up, too; and one night while we were talking in the study, Mrs. Stoddard, overcome by weariness, fell asleep in her chair. When she awakened her mind was wandering, and Lorrimer put his arm around her, kissed her tenderly, and murmuring soothing words in her ear, led her away to bed.

The little house in East Fifteenth Street, so long famed as the home of "The Stoddards," is an old-fashioned, three-story-and-basement structure, built of brick and brown stone, with a quaint wrought-iron veranda in front. The poet's desk stood between two windows, and his favorite seat was a low

mahogany rocking chair, which always stood near the open fireplace. Beside the chair was a three-legged table of a familiar colonial pattern, and upon it were deposited his red clay pipe and tobacco.

Huddled in this chair and wrapped in a gray shawl when the weather was cold, he would smoke and talk, a merry gleam in his almost useless eyes, a faint smile lurking about his white-bearded lips. His hair was snow-white and luxuriant, and his strong, thoughtful face was decidedly attractive. There was a be-tasselled cloth cover on the little table and a fringed lambrequin along the mantelpiece, and one always felt like preparing to shout "Fire!" when the poet lighted his pipe, for as he scratched a match he would draw it through the fringe or tassels with a carelessness that was appalling. On several occasions the lambrequin and tassels ignited, and a hole at least six inches square had been burned in the former. The humorous phase of these incidents was, that even when he started a blaze he would talk on placidly as though nothing was occurring, while Mrs. Stoddard and Lorimer frantically beat out the flames.

Rheumatism made his progress from room to room a pathetic sight, and when he ventured from the house, which was not often, he would merely walk around the block, refraining, at the urgent request of Mrs. Stoddard and Lorimer, from crossing the street at any point because his defective vision could not be relied upon to warn him of approaching teams. On several occasions he narrowly escaped being run over, and as "Stoddard's wrath," according to Eugene Field, was "an Ossa upon a Pelion piled," the offending drivers doubtless heard some very picturesque and emphatic remarks from the white-haired and white-bearded old man who shook his fist at them from the curb.

At the time of the writer's visit Mrs. Stoddard's novels, "Temple House," "The Morgesons" and "Two Men," had just been republished, nearly forty years after their first appearance. This pleased her, but the only fame she really treasured was the fame that came to her husband and son.

The old house, filled with rare first editions, manuscripts and curios, and its interesting occupants fascinated Lorimer's guest as they had fascinated Eugene Field years ago, when he wrote:

Their home in Fifteenth Street is all so snug, and furnished so,
That, when I once get planted there, I
don't know when to go.

The guest was preparing an article about Mr. Stoddard, and on June 10, 1901, Mrs. Stoddard wrote as follows:

"When you were here I was reading Canon Rawnsley's memories of the Tennysons. Page by page, following Alfred Tennyson's early life, I followed Stoddard's early life. No greater contrast between the two could be made. Rawnsley, from his connection with the Tennyson family, traced the ground of Alfred's life till twenty-five. From birth he lived in a cultured family, and was taught by his father; every tree, flower, brook, river and wold of rural scenery was an open book to him (Stoddard never saw a flower or knew a tree. How came *he*?); his (Tennyson's) dialect poems came from the peasants in his vicinity.

"When Stoddard was ten years old his mother married again to keep him and herself from starving; they brought him to New York, where they lived in the poorest streets and poor tenement houses. His mother made no friends; she was a most unhappy woman; her hand was against everyone. She had no idea of Stoddard's promise, but put him to work at any-

thing, as office boy, selling matches, making patent medicine for two or three dollars a week, etc., till she apprenticed him to an iron founder's trade—the last one he should have taken—and she allowed him fifty cents a month for books from old book-stalls. She never read his poetry—what he did not burn up—nor ever spoke of his work unless to ask how much he got for it.

"Of course he followed Keats, Wordsworth and Shelley. He was about twenty-five when I first met him; he was forming a reputation then, and Ticknor and Fields had his first book in print. He had then made a friendship with Bayard Taylor which was of great value to him. He had given up the iron business from ill health. I was visiting at the house of a well-known judge here, and I believe that Stoddard was in a house of that class for the first time, but he was cool as a cucumber. Two years afterward I married him, with nothing between us. The property of my grandfather and father had mostly melted away by the decline of the whale fishery and losses at sea.

"It was about this time that he (R. H. S.) began to develop the Oriental cast of his mind, of which the poem of 'We parted in the gates of Ispahan' is an early example. To me these poems are most delightful. Others prefer his lyrics. If you compare the early translations of Oriental verse, and later Edwin Arnold's, you will see how superior he is. . . .

"I did not mention that in a way we ran away to be married, but it encouraged Stoddard to go to Hawthorne, who went to Pierce, the president, and a place was obtained in the custom-house, and we were able to set up our Lares and Penates."

[Writing of this honeymoon half a century later and a few months after the death of his dearly beloved wife,

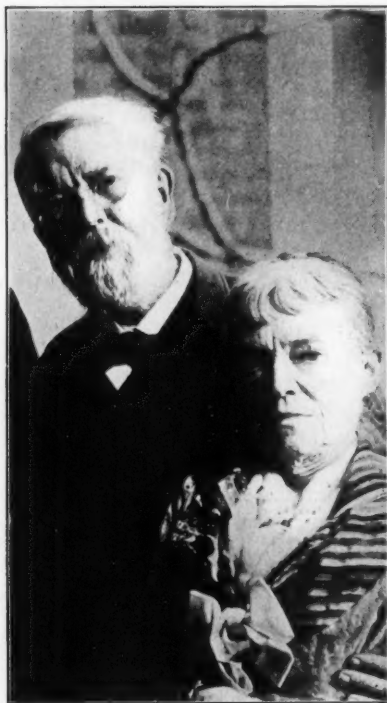
the poet described in his "Recollections" her wonderment when, at the expiration of his first month in the custom-house at three dollars the day, he "loaded her little hand with gold pieces." Two bookcases were among their first purchases, in which were closeted their principal treasures of the time. "So we were happy," he wrote. "Never were there such babes in the woods as we, full feathered with fantasy—and foolishness."]

The letter continued:

"Well or ill, 'Lorry' went off last Wednesday with two immense trunks. He was quite willing to go, his throat was so bad, and it was a relief to me. 'Lorry' never sets a limit to his powers of endurance, and it has been an evil thing for him. He has been warned and warned. I did not have many happy moments, I was so anxious. Last Friday I went to the theater with him; on the way home he said he would go back to 'The Players' and stay 'half an hour'; it was nearly two o'clock when he came back. Any remonstrance puts up a plank right away between us. His conduct denies his intelligence. But there have been some awful buccaneers in my family. I hate his profession; the women mostly are loose, the men reckless. The stage is a curtain between them and the public; they feel no responsibility. . . . 'Lorry' has traits; he is a good friend, and he has a good mind, and he is not a sneak."

On June 25 she wrote: "The breath of the woodland came out of the box you sent me. When I look upon flowers and the green, intricate power of nature in simpler form—weeds, for instance—I almost believe there is a God somewhere. I thank you very much for the treasures. We planted the ferns and nibbled the bayberry leaves—drunkards, we children called them in the spring.

"But I am disappointed that you



Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard

did not avail yourself of my suggestion of him (R. H. S.) as a poet. It would have taken your article out of the line of the reviews made before you, all alike in form. There came with your proof the same day a cutting from the *Inter Ocean* newspaper by Miss L—W—, with great headlines ‘The Stoddards,’ . . . an almost fulsome article that made me want to crawl under the bed and Stoddard cuss out the bottom of his ‘old arm chair.’ She quotes a remark of Lowell about me which he never said.

“You must be wrong in calling R. H. S. ‘The Blind Poet.’ It makes me feel as if he were a man with a stick and a dog. I asked to-day a person who goes abroad with princes and paupers if she had ever heard him called so, and she said ‘Never.’

“‘Lorry’ writes me that he does not

feel well and is losing weight. I suppose you observed that I had a regard for him; when he is sick a great pain is added to my love for him. We expect to go on Tuesday week.” (To join Lorimer at the sanitarium.)

At the same time the poet wrote:

“Memoranda for your typewritten screed: I never to my knowledge was called vocally or in print ‘The Blind Poet,’ or by any name that referred to my imperfect eyesight, which is not commonly known, but more often than anything else as ‘The Dean of American Poets.’ Why ‘Dean,’ I don’t know, not being college bred; but I suppose it is a term bestowed on elderly collegians. Change, therefore, ‘Blind Poet’ to ‘Dean,’ etc., and don’t make it ‘Sardine.’ I have cut out paragraph on page 3 about Poe. It is incorrect and of no consequence, anyhow.”

When Poe’s name was mentioned Stoddard was likely to become irascible and explosive, and he often related with keen zest how Emerson had characterized Poe as “The Jingle Man.”

When Stoddard was a budding poet, Poe on one occasion doubted the originality of one of his poems, called him a liar, and threatened to throw him down the editorial stairs. Hence Stoddard’s lack of enthusiasm about Poe.

“No,” he said one day, “I will not be quoted about Poe. Every time I have described Poe as he actually was when I knew him, I have brought down upon my head a torrent of abuse. He was a scamp and a deadbeat, and I know of few who, writing so little, wrote so much that was bad.”

On June 26 Mrs. Stoddard sent the following:

“My heart is sore. ‘Lorry’ had a hemorrhage from his throat and a touch of chill and fever. My poor boy! I am thankful to mercy that we expect to go up (to Liberty) Tuesday. It is terribly hot here, and my other poor dear is out at his desk crying:

"I wish I could see!"

"We are sad, too, for our friend, John Hay. Just beginning a fine career in perfect health, some accursed thing made his son fall to death from the window."

At this time Lorimer knew his days were numbered, but had written nothing concerning his alarming condition to his mother. A pathetic picture of the relations between the loving, devoted, but self-willed son and his parents is given in a letter written by Mrs. Stoddard on July 10, a short time after she and Mr. Stoddard reached the sanitarium, and seven weeks before Lorimer died. She wrote:

"I have been thinking of writing you of our trouble, and as you have heard that he (Lorimer) is worse, I will try to give you an idea of his condition. We were not prepared to find him so when we arrived. There had been a cloud over me for two weeks, although he only wrote that his throat 'nagged' him. Think of the boy, with a trained nurse, coming over to meet us the night we came, and he had been to Liberty to buy us little comforts and arranged the rooms himself."

[The ride from the sanitarium is two miles and is not an easy one for an invalid, as the road is rough and descends and ascends several steep hills. This thoughtfulness must have cost "the boy" many a pang during the hard journey to the station. The news he carried them, too, was to break two hearts, but he told it calmly and bravely. The letter continued:]

"In a few minutes he told us what Dr. S— had told him of his danger, and that he might not live two months. . . . My poor Stoddard can only say he would take 'Lorry's' pain and die in his place.

"That thousands are suffering at this hour, even to death, makes no difference to me. I can not submit to lose him."

On July 2 Lorimer wrote:

"I have been so under the weather that I have not written. I have gone right down the hill and now weigh less than I did when I came here. . . . My throat is worse. . . . I haven't much hope myself, only that they can ease the everlasting pain. The parents come on to-morrow night for a visit. Poor dears, I don't think they will have a very gay visit."

July 18 brought a still more hopeless letter. "The disease has a good hold upon me and I am galloping down hill. . . . Sometimes I can not speak above a whisper. . . . I have suffered horrid pain, but . . . am more com-



Lorimer Stoddard

fortable and really happy and contented to be with the parents. The place is doing them both good."

A hopeful letter urging him to go to Arizona at once evidently nettled him, for on August 4 he wrote:

"Your own illness must have made you forget the value of words. . . . W— told me there was no chance at all, but I can live from two to six months. Poor man, he was so broken up he could scarcely speak. It seems strange to me, because death is such an every-day affair.

"I was not, nor have I been, affected or shocked or grieved. My time is most pleasantly taken up thinking to whom I shall leave my things. I hope to have my room in New York put in order and photographed—then utterly demolished. That is my mother's wish, too.

"I hope to be strong enough to direct the placing of my furniture in the dining-room, which I want done over.

"On counting up various valuables, land, money and royalties to come, I find that I shall be able to leave them (his parents) a larger income yearly for seven or eight years than they have ever had. . . . When we have written out certain things, K— comes on to make the will. Mother and father gained wonderfully here before they were told the news they half expected. . . .

"I hope to go to New York when the cool comes, if I am strong enough. I want to die among the old faces. But don't think us gloomy—we don't do things that way. All the worst happened in less than ten days. The change from dangerous to impossible. I have written a lot about myself here! Later I shall be busy going over my plays. I can't do much at a time. I look well, but can only whisper. My parents hardly hear me at all. Write me again how you are, and don't say,

'I hope your bad spell is over.' That makes me mad."

This letter was his last. Twenty-seven days later his dauntless spirit passed on. The day he died his devoted mother lost all further interest in life, and within less than a year she was buried beside him at Sag Harbor. Shortly before her death she had privately printed an attractive little volume, "A Few Verses," by Lorimer Stoddard, for which Richard Henry Stoddard wrote the following:

Back and forth in his room,
Like the shuttle in his loom,
Weaving a shroud he went;
"My thread is nearly spent,
And life is so fugitive."
I shall forget to live."

Before the loom was still,

Or woven was the winding sheet,
Sped by the thread of his will,
The weaver with silent feet
Stole like a vision by,
Forgetting in death to die.

Not long before she died Mrs. Stoddard said to Miss Alice Breuder, her faithful companion and nurse: "Good by, Alice; take good care of 'Poppy'; and for heaven's sake go out and buy him some new shirts!"

Even in the shadow of death her one thought was for the broken old man she left behind. At the grave of his wife Mr. Stoddard adopted Miss Breuder, and she and a trained nurse, Pedro Piedra, were his sole companions in his desolate home while he was patiently waiting for the end he longed for. He treated her as he would have treated a daughter, and she gave him a daughter's devotion and care.

The day after Mrs. Stoddard died, as the poet sat alone in his study, alone in the world, he was calm and brave

and outwardly unaffected, but he was ready for the personal application of his own lines:

Once the head is gray
And the heart is dead,
There is no more to do:
Make the man a bed
Six foot under ground;
There he'll slumber sound.

He at once began preparations for the end which he knew was near at hand. His books and manuscripts were sent away to the Author's Club—treasures he had spent a life-time in collecting—and he even ordered his own tombstone.

"Make one for me, too; I shall soon need it," he said to the monument dealer, when he was arranging for a stone to mark Mrs. Stoddard's grave. There was much of the stoic in his character, for he did not rail at misfortune, did not complain. As the Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer said of him, he was to the day of his death "another and a nobler Richard of the Lion Heart." Despite bereavement, semi-blindness and physical and mental suffering, his wit remained keen, but some of his jests were grim. For many years Sag Harbor was the summer home of "The Stoddards," and Mrs. Stoddard and Lorimer were buried there.

"Do you expect to go to Sag Harbor this summer?" the poet was asked in May.

"I expect to go—or be carried there!" he said, significantly. "I can not get over the death of my wife. It seems as though she should be here with me now."

He was told an amusing anecdote concerning himself to the effect that one day, while descending the elevator in the Mail and Express building, New York, he discovered that the elevator man was eating Irish stew. When invited to sample the stew, he did so, and

for half an hour rode up and down in the elevator, chatting with the elevator man and sharing his luncheon. A few days later, according to the story, the poet introduced Mrs. Stoddard to the elevator man with the remark, "This is the gentleman with whom I sometimes dine."

"Is the story true?" the poet was asked.

"Young man," he said solemnly, "you must have been interviewing the 'Father of Lies'!" Then he laughed very heartily. Despite his denial, the incident doubtless occurred, because every man, rich and poor, high-born and humble, was his brother, and because "This is the gentleman with whom I sometimes dine," has all the dry wit of a typical Stoddard *bon mot*.

Poets are usually fond of flowers, but Mr. Stoddard, in old age at least, was an exception. "No, don't bring me flowers," he said one day, with a smile. "I don't care for them; but I am very fond of pie and cake—fetch me a nice piece of pie!"

At the tender age of ten the poet shook the dust of Massachusetts from his feet, but sixty-eight years of life in New York had failed to eradicate his inborn, New England love of pie and cake for breakfast, dinner and supper.

One day when the writer spoke in praise of his oft-quoted poem—

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain,
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again,

he smiled and looked toward Miss Breuder. "We have better ones than that up here," he said, gently tapping his forehead. "When we are alone I dictate them to Alice and she takes them down."

Certain biographical matter which he gave the writer was written in the

third person and contained many interesting paragraphs. "R. H. S. received his want of education in a New York school," he wrote. "Learned to be an iron molder from eighteenth to twenty-first year and worked at that trade till twenty-fourth year. (*Make as little as possible of this.*) Having always been a great reader, he used to pick up books at book-stalls while he was in a lawyer's office, generally odd volumes of English poetry, which had a foolish fascination for him. Tried finally to write verse himself, but had not courage enough to get it printed. (Wise boy!) So, writing on, he burned it when he had a little stock on hand, and wrote and burned more. Though not consciously imitative of anybody, it must have reflected what he was reading at the time. Of course, he scribbled at night after the day's work was done in his own bedroom by the light of a dim oil lamp, for gas was not at that time common in the houses of the poor. He wrote and wrote and burned and burned."

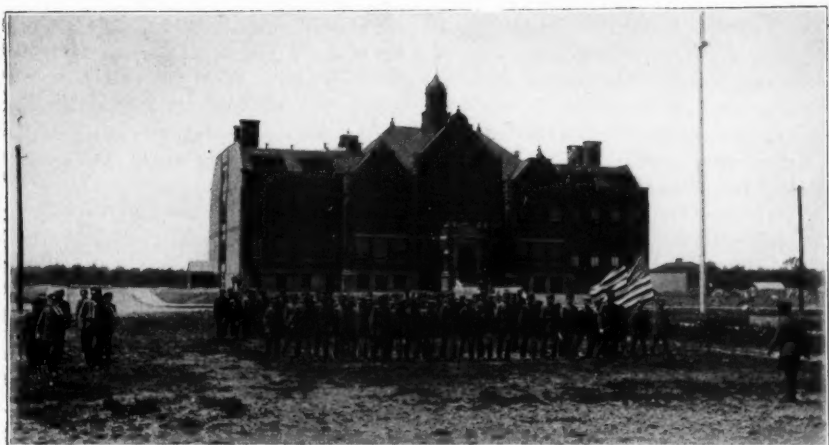
One of his happiest memories was his friendship with Bayard Taylor. Concerning this friendship he wrote: "It was a happy one for the pair of them, for they remained friends till Taylor's death in Berlin in 1878; living at times in the same house, knowing the same people, belonging to the same club (The Century), and occasionally, perhaps, taking the same drinks! (But, perhaps, it is best not to mention that bibulous fact.)"

Lorimer Stoddard, "child of genius," was not so well known as his parents, but his star was rapidly rising when death caused its untimely eclipse. His plays had placed him in the front rank of American dramatists, but the same effort that won success won death as well, and the stone which marks his grave at Sag Harbor proved to be the keystone of the Stoddard arch. Lorimer died August 31, 1901, and the arch soon tottered and fell. Not long before the poet passed away he dictated to the writer a biographical sketch of Lorimer, the concluding paragraphs of which were: "He was a loss to American letters and has found rest at Sag Harbor, where he slumbers at the age of thirty-seven years and 266 days. He has since been followed by his mother and will before long be followed by his father. A trinity of loving hearts, the oldest and faintest of which will soon join them within the sound of the sea."

When the poet took to his bed, and his physician and long-time friend, Dr. Daniel M. Stimson, was called in, the patient made but one request. "Dan," he said, "don't prolong!" When the end was near he whispered: "I am ready to go; I am not afraid." As he lay in the little parlor there was no sign of sorrow or suffering upon his strong, noble face. Like his poet-comrade, Bayard Taylor,

"Dead he lay among his books!

The peace of God was in his looks!"



Parental School and Military Company

How Chicago Takes Care of Her Children

BY JEAN COWGILL

ONE was Chicago's child; the other was the son of his natural parents. They stood on the corner and talked. Each wore a messenger's uniform, trig and new. It was a singular thing that they should pause on that particular corner on that particular morning. Not all singular, perhaps, but in part, and that only because one of them was Chicago's own child.

"Paper! *News, American*. Here ye are—paper! All about the car-barn bandits bein' found guilty. Van Dine, Niedermeier, Marx—they gotto hang. Paper."

Both messengers fished out pennies from the depths of their pockets and bought papers. They devoured the headlines in silence. The verdict was what every one expected. After six dragging weeks of trial, the most col-

lossal criminals of the age had been found guilty by twelve fellow men. The hangman's noose was to be their fate. It was all glaringly set forth in the headlines the two messenger boys read so eagerly.

As he read, a serious look stole over the face of the child that was Chicago's own. He is about sixteen—is that boy—a sturdy built lad of a distinctly foreign type. The other that is the child of his natural parents is almost as old, but not so self-poised and keen-witted. It could be plainly seen in his very aspect, in the way he held his head and in the carriage of his shoulders.

Chicago's own child spoke first. "They're a-going to hang Marx, too."

"Peachin' didn't do him no good," said the child of his natural parents.

"Let's go a-past the jail," said the other. Boy-like, they were curious.

Even a stroll past the big stone building was a bit of the general excitement. I followed close behind and listened to their conversation. It was desultory; they nearly forgot the bandits.

"How you makin' it?" asked the child of his natural parents.

"Dandy—twenty-nine dollars last month," replied Chicago's child.

A half-jealous look stole over the face of the other.

"Gee! Dat's more dan I make. Four a week is de most I kin step off."

"Easy!" replied Chicago's child, sententiously, noncommittally.

"Fer you, wid yer *pull* on account of de John Worthy and de Club." The spirit of ungenerousness was in him. He said the meanest thing that he could think of. "I ain't done no crimes ter go ter de John Worthy. I don't want dat kind of a pull. Me little four a week's eatin's and sleepin's enough fer me."

They were at the jail corner. Chicago's child continued on his way down Dearborn Street, past the very jail entrance. The child of his natural parents turned west toward Clark. Both whistled as they went.

They were types of the mass of Chicago's children. Upstairs, in their solitary cells, the three car-barn bandits had been led back to await the coming of the hangman. Ten years ago they, too, were representatives of Chicago's children; they are little more than boys now. There was a pitifulness about the situation that held me. I looked to see if I could overtake the child that is Chicago's own. He was out of sight around the corner before the child of his natural parents had gone half a block. Him it was an easy matter to overtake. He was not disposed to converse. The memory of that twenty-nine a month was still with him. To a civil question he made a sullen answer, as he leaned against a wall and pulled his cap down over his eyes. "I lives at

home wid me fadder and me mudder," he said. "'Taint no use me tryin' to buck de John Worthies. De boy w'at keeps out o' trouble don't stand no chance by de one dat gits juggled. De 'clubs' gits de piece work. We gits de wages."

He went on his way as rapidly as messenger boys usually do. He is a good little chap, as boys go. There was a certain pathos in his complaint and a goodly amount of truth, too. It looks, at first hand, as though a pretty large injustice had been done the boy who is the child of his natural parents. Nothing of the sort is true, though, no matter how deceptive outside appearances may be or how pathetic the contrast may become.

A "John Worthy" boy is a boy from the John Worthy school, where all of Chicago's provedly incorrigible boys are sent. He is able to earn more money than the other boy because he has become a child of good habits, while the other is still a half loafer. That is the plain and short way of stating it. If, in the first place, he had learned those habits of his parents, he would never have gone to the school and been paroled to the "Club." Fifty-two boys are members of that "club." Each one has served six or more months in a penal institution in the State of Illinois. "John Worthies" and Pontiac boys are most often paroled to the Club, or rather, to Colonel George Fabyan, who was its organizer. "The Chicago Junior Business Club" they call this most unique little band of boys. The name is no misnomer. The boys are taught to be thoroughly businesslike in all that they do. In the beginning the club was supported by the colonel. Now it is entirely self-supporting, and no boy is allowed to leave until he has proved himself a worthy citizen and saved up a round sum of money. While he is doing this he has paid his way without assistance from



John Worthy School for Chicago's Criminal Boys

any one. Although this club is small, it is probably the most complete demonstration of what can be done with criminal boys in the world. That it is the pride and brain product of a man of wealth and business, who, in the midst of his private affairs, has found time to study boys and to learn how to meet them on the level makes it all the more remarkable. Most of the lads work as messengers. It is quite true that they have a pull, but it is the pull of faithfulness in the performance of duties, not because of any particular favoritism on the part of the different employers for whom the boys work. Nothing could be more natural than that the boy who has not in the first place committed some crime which makes him a candidate for club membership should complain bitterly of the supposed partizanship.

John Worthy boys are scarcely less favored in the matter of employment.

Rather than see his boys drift back into a bad environment, the superintendent, John J. Sloan, has often kept them in his own family until work could be found for them. Many of the children who have both Chicago and their natural parents are more to be worried over and pitied than the children who are Chicago's own. When a boy has gone by way of the Juvenile Court to the John Worthy or the Parental School he is the city's own. She has taken upon herself the responsibility of his future. His flesh and blood parents have lost their hold on his life. For any good that may develop in him the city is responsible.

This sounds harsh—as if there were bound to be a wholesale robbing of parents of their offspring. Oftentimes there is. If a parent is unfit to care for a child, it is very soon taken away and placed in one of the various schools, which are always ready and eager to

receive both girls and boys. Whatever may be said of Chicago, she is faithful to her children and thus to herself. The proudest and the most potent evidence of the city's municipal progression is in her care of her children. Big, unkempt, corrupt she is now—a sacrifice to doubtful political methods, a jumble of generosity and stinginess, a cross between metropolitanism and plebeianism, a city of indifference and hold-ups—all of these and more she is. Those that love her most make no denial of the fact. They tell with a half pride that when the three car-barn bandits were convicted Chicago had in her jail more condemned murderers than had ever, in the history of the world, been prisoners in any jail, unless it was in time of war. Marx and Van Dine and Niedermeier are the grown-up end of the proposition, the ghastly finish of a ghastly story.

Yet they are of little consequence in the Great Economy of things. It is the children that count in the life of a city or a nation. They are the beginning of progression. Twenty years ago those bandits were boys—no better and no worse, probably, than the mass of Chicago's present-day boys. Then the city did not care for her children as she does now. Gustave Marx himself put it plainly. I talked with him shortly after his conviction.

"I didn't have a chance," he said. "There was no one to look after me when I was a boy. The feelings that made me bad would have made me good. Now when a boy's father and mother don't know how to take care of him, *the city does it!*"

He put it kindly. It was easy to see that he did not want to place the primary blame on his parents, and that yet he could not hold them blameless. An outsider may go farther and make a broader statement. The almost universal reason why boys become bandits is that their natural parents do not

know how to take care of them. Ignorance is at the bottom of the failure, but that does not do away with the facts. The tragedy of the situation is overwhelmingly apparent when a murderer like Marx is able to see it so clearly and put it so logically. As he said the words the young bandit had the manner of a man who says, "They cheated me, and I've got to pay."

Every child is born to the inheritance of a right to a decent growing up. Often they do not come into it, but it is their rightful inheritance for all that. If parents do not realize the justice of this assertion, the state should. The mere fact that somewhere on earth there are certain individuals that call him "son" does not mean that a boy is possessed of parents. He may need the city's care more, much more, than the child who has no parent but the city. That is the big keynote in this big harmony which is being sounded in Chicago. Over the turbulent roar of discordant labor factions and the endless, unrhythmic race for the almighty dollar rises clear and world-penetrating the wondrous song of Chicago's reclaimed children.

With the reclamation of her children must come the redemption of Chicago. There is the glory. That her citizens have seen it and set about the work with zeal and common sense is an added whiteness to the city's garments, which have in times past been more smirched and bespotted with crimes and corruption than history will ever tell, no matter how fond people are of unclean gossip.

Seven murderers in Cook County Jail, waiting for the black cap, and the dangling noose, and the ghastly dance upon nothing, are only a cloud shadow upon the onwardness of things. What they did is a feather's weight in the big weighing up. How they came to be bandits and common, everyday murderers is the question.

Gustave Marx talked about that, too. "When a boy has a tendency to be bad and he gets sullen, there ain't anything this side of heaven will stop him. If you arrest him and put him in a jail, that settles him. That's what they did to me. They put me in jail for something Van Dine done when I wasn't near. I was railroaded through without a trial and sent out to the Bridewell for a month. When I came out, there was only one thing in my

that these same virtuous taxpayers are the first to express satisfaction* over a verdict such as that in the car-barn bandit case. They forget that in order to mete out a just punishment to the offenders the state has been obliged to spend several hundred thousand dollars, which might far better have been laid out on one of the various schools where incorrigible boys and girls are sent when their natural parents are too manifestly incompetent.



Dormitory at Parental School

mind; that was to get even. Now you know why I'm here waitin' to be hung. It's because I tried to get even. If there had been any one to look after me, things might have been different. After one crime has been done, it is easy to go on in the same line and think nothing of it. I never used to think about the men I killed. Boys ought to be taught music and pictures, everything that will teach 'em they've got feelings."

The lesson is obvious.

Genuine municipal economy is in taking care of the children. Taxpayers are wont to groan over the expenditure of certain moneys for juvenile development. It is usually the fact

Parental incompetency is the most hopeless incompetency on earth. It is something that can not be cured or even made much less, yet its consequences reach into the very heart of the nation. It seems a little odd that Chicago, whose crop of crime has been greater than was ever harvested in any other city, should have been first to recognize this truth.

Yet so it was. Upon the pages of history the supposedly most corrupt and mercenary city is set down as the first municipality that gave to her children a court of justice, in which all their little crimes and heartaches are kept strictly within the limits of childhood. Chicago's juvenile court had

been a permanent and accepted feature of the city's life for three years when New York was still sandwiching the hearings of her bad boys and wayward girls in between notorious criminal cases. When Chicago's boys were "brought into court," New York's boys were "arrested"; and while boys and girls in Chicago were "detained" in good homes, New York's children were still thrown into jail in company with all sorts of evil-minded grown-up criminals.

Both science and tenderness went into the enactment of the juvenile court law. There were men and women wise enough to see where the municipality's real danger lay and to try to obviate it. The juvenile court was something of an experiment. When it became an assured success, Chicago's far-seeing citizens did not cease their efforts. They used their balance of political power to

a good advantage. Illinois now has to her credit the most stringent child-labor law in existence. She has also on her statutes a compulsory education law, which makes it practically impossible for an illiterate person to be reared within her confines. Why nearly all of the opposition to these laws should have come from country legislators is not easy to see. Perhaps it was an ignorance of actual national conditions. This seems about the only reasonable excuse, since it is well known that in this republic, at any rate, corrupt municipalities mean corrupt higher government. Whatever their reason was, the country members, many of them, made strenuous and long-drawn-out battle against the several juvenile laws.

In every effort toward the betterment of humanity two elements enter in. There is always the question of



Military Company at John Worthy School

whether Love shall or shall not be a part of their final accomplishment. A clause in the juvenile law reads thus: "The care, custody and discipline of a child shall approximate as nearly as may be that *which should be given by its parents.*"

Chicago knew that in her mixed-up, unmanageable population there were several hundred thousand incompetent parents, and consequently several hundred thousand children who stood in sore need of parental care. The meaning of that clause is as vast as Civilization.

Good parents keep their children in school.

Chicago allows no parent to have in his possession a child under fourteen who is non-attendant at school. If he does, he is warned. When no attention is paid to the warning, he is arrested and fined. This method of procedure has had a most salutary effect upon school attendance. A prominent public official said not long ago that he does not think there are in the city a hundred children out of school. Last year there were thousands. The law has been in force since July.

Good parents do not look on their children as realizable assets, but as signatures to solemn and binding obligations. Genuine fathers and mothers consider always the individual in the children.

Here was the big stumbling-block in the way of Chicago's care for her children. Most of the parents in Chicago are foreigners. They resent the city's interference in the management and government of their children. The officers who came, under official sanction, to advise and counsel, were told to get out and "tend to your own children." It is needless to state that this was invariably a sign of parental incompetency. The genuine parent is possessed of breadth in these things. He knows that unless a child has done

something which the probation or the truant officer considers worthy of discussion, they have not the time to try to set the matter straight. There are too many really serious cases in their care of which actual criminality is the base.

In the beginning the path of a truant officer was anything but a road of ease. The city is divided into districts according to the density of the population. A truant officer is in charge of each district. Principals of schools report all cases of non-attendance. This applies to parochial as well as public schools. The city makes no effort to enforce attendance in the city schools. It is enough that a child is in school and not at work to support some older person, or perhaps a whole family. The school census is also carefully considered, and the attendance is kept as nearly as possible proportionate. In the superintendent's office hangs a large map of the city. Each district is clearly defined by black lines. The residence of each truant officer is indicated by a tack stuck into the map, as are also the truants that are to be looked after that day. The superintendent knows exactly what each officer is doing and how it is being done. Prosecutions he conducts personally.

Not until employers were prosecuted under the child-labor law and parents under the compulsory education bill was the full incompetency of the ordinary parent to be measured. In all three of the departments the task of enforcing the law was enormous. Actual personal encounters were common.

Deffebach was one of the ferociously incompetent parents. His son Fritz, aged twelve, was the cause of the trouble. The department of compulsory education sent Deffebach word that the boy must go to school. To the truant officer who carried the warning Deffebach made answer effusively. "Py Gad, I doos vat I pleases mit mine shil-

dren," he shouted. "Py Gad, I mind mine own shildren in mine own way. Vy am I de fadder of dose shildren? You tell me and you get out!"

The officer got out—on short order. The stairs were steep, but she made a rapid descent. Half a block away she could still hear Deffebach raging.

When the case was called in court, no Deffebach appeared. An officer went after him. He frothed mightily and swore roundly when he and his wife came in. While Deffebach fumed, Mrs. Deffebach sat down and waited. At the last he shifted all the blame on her.

"My wife, she is all de too blame. Py Gad, she keep Fritzie py home to wash dishes." Here Deffebach assumed an air of injured innocence. "I don'd vant mine poys dat dey should be washers of dishes. Py Gad, I don'd."

Mrs. Deffebach is ponderous. She rose to her feet with a determined air. A collision seemed inevitable. Superintendent Bodine came between them. Then he asked the usual question—the question that few incompetent parents care to answer.

"Who is the head of your family?"

Both Deffebach and his wife looked expectant. "The one who is the head of the family—that is the one to blame," said the superintendent.

Deffebach drew his hand across his forehead and stared wildly at the superintendent. Finally he made answer.

"In Chermany, I"—he sputtered a little over the pronoun—"I, mineself, vas de head of mine family. Here in dis damned America, mine vife, she is."

When she heard, Mrs. Deffebach sank back in her seat and the trial proceeded. The couple was fined twenty dollars and costs for having in their possession Fritzie, aged twelve, who did not go to school. After a little pleading, the fine was remitted—as the superintendent had meant all the time it should be. That was two months

ago. Fritzie has not been out of school since.

On close consideration, this incident is far more pathetic than it is humorous. It is a clear exposition of parental incompetency. One wonders whether, after all, it would not be better if Fritzie had been an incorrigible boy. Then he would have been "brought" into the juvenile court and sent to the "John Worthy." As it is, he will probably turn out a drone. No matter how hard his teachers strive, their work is not likely to overcome entirely the force of heredity and the power of environment. In the "John Worthy" incorrigible boys are taught both books and hand-crafts. They learn to plane and saw and hammer; also they learn to cook and wash, make beds and scrub. Rigid military exercises set their slouching, stooping shoulders straight. Cleanliness and wholesomeness are in the very atmosphere. When they enter most of them have never in their lives slept in any sort of a night garment, to say nothing of the soft white night-gowns provided by the authorities for Chicago's own children. It is the same way with baths. Some of the youngsters—most of them, in fact, have never even seen a bath-tub. As for a scrub in a clean tub—it is a process of which they are entirely ignorant. Dirt and squalor have been their portion in life as long as they were wholly the children of their natural parents. Many of these boys, after their term of commitment has expired, become actual missionaries in their families. I have talked with more than one mother whose good-housekeeping was given its first impetus by her boy when he came home from the "John Worthy".

Truants have a school of their own. Its very name is suggestive of its purpose. When a boy will not go to the ordinary school and his parents have suffered all the penalties of the law in the way of fines for having him in their

possession, he is sent to the Parental School and becomes one of the city's own. Most of the boys in this school are wilfully mischievous but not criminal in their tendencies. Out at the Parental School, their little heads are filled full of useful knowledge. There is a farm, with horses and cows and chickens. All sorts of labor are theirs. The best boy has the best time and the number of bad boys decreases rapidly. By the time they come back to their parents, the city has taught them its lesson and they are eager to go to school.

Curiously enough, there are not so many cases of truancy among girls. Whether this is because they are easier to govern, or because parents understand their girls better than they do their boys, is hard to determine, but the fact remains that statistics show that last year, out of 1,718 commitments for delinquency, only 231 were girls. Of the total number, 324 boys and 72 girls were of American parentage. The rest were of foreign parentage and represented twenty-seven countries. Irish, German, Polish, Jewish and Bohemian children led in the delinquencies. From these statistics something of the difficulties that lie in the way of the law's enforcement may be judged. New York is the only other city whose children, in the mass, are approximately like those of Chicago. Yet the two can not be compared. New York has grown *blasé*; Chicago is still in a formative stage. Perhaps the average of intelligence is higher in the eastern city because immigration, as a rule, pushes farther toward the interior. New York is a tarrying place. Chicago is a dumping ground for all the dregs of humanity. Opinions are as diversified as nationalities. There is a mighty pathos in this effort on the part of Chicago to take care of her children. Scarcely is it to be considered in its physical sense, but in an

ethical, a spiritual sense. It is the planting of ideals where none have been. To do that, conditions must be faced on the level. The patronage of charity can never accomplish it. Systematization under the law is the only way to straighten out the devious roads and bring about a harmony between discordant beliefs.

The juvenile court has been the city's hand-servant in the work. All classes are interested in its various phases. Fashion arranges parties and goes visiting in the abode of poverty. A session of the court is an education in the widest sense in that earth's fortunes learn of its unfortunates. Sometimes they are amused, often they cry, always they feel—in some degree—the final solution of the vast problem which is being solved before their very eyes.

There is nothing quite so stupendously insurmountable as a really incorrigible child. Size has nothing to do with it. Neither has age. Beatings and pleadings avail nothing. The child that has once tasted the life of the streets is beyond his parents. They have been given a long chance to do the right thing by him. It is time for the city to step in and assume what is really the parental care.

Every court-day, these youngsters are brought in—dirty, ragged, often diseased. There is no formality attached to the court proceedings. Every one has a chance to tell his story. Six jurors and the presiding judge listen, and judge without favor. Hearts break sometimes when the city claims her own. That makes no difference. The child is the only consideration. Once I saw three children cling to their mother and sob so that they could be heard outside the court-room and away down the hall. While they sobbed, their handsome, well-dressed mother begged the spectators to help her keep them. The eyes of the officers themselves were

filled with tears as they took forcible possession of the little ones in the name of the city. The maddened mother was an opium fiend, and unfit to have the custody of her children. That she was a woman of means was of little moment. A probation officer brought them into the court. The mother was sent to some place where she could be cured of the habit, and the little ones were placed in a Catholic home until she could be released.

Last year nearly 2,000 cases were docketed in the juvenile court. Each case means a careful investigation on the part of some probation or truant officer. Sometimes the work is light, oftener it means hours of anxiety and watchfulness. Twenty-four regular police officers are assigned to service in the juvenile court. The rest of the forty salaried probation officers are paid by various clubs and philanthropic organizations. Truant officers are civil service appointees, and the factory inspectors are appointed by the governor. All three departments work together in the utmost harmony. The state factory inspector has had a great deal to do with the enforcement of the compulsory education law.

Especially has he been successful—he and his deputies—in finding out truant girls. About the only thing that will keep a girl out of school is the fact that she is obliged to work. Before the present system of making out the age certificates came into use, half the children who worked were under age. The glibness with which parents perjured themselves in the matter of their children's ages was amazing. The common way to obtain "an affidavit", as the coveted paper was then called, was to make oath before a notary that the child was fourteen. Many notaries did a flourishing business in "affidavits". Now, baptismal and school certificates are required and the "papers" are made out by the

principals of schools. No fee is demanded or given.

Nor were the parents all to blame. The majority of employers looked on the age certificate as a mere matter of form. Some of them were astonished to find themselves under arrest and obliged to give bonds for an appearance in the justice's court to answer to the charges that had heretofore been supposed to be applicable to sweatshop proprietors only. The daily newspaper helped the factory inspector in his work by placarding boldly in their head lines the names of these employers. Altogether, the situation was original. Men who had been most earnest in their advocacy of the law suddenly found themselves under arrest for its violation. Only recently a highly respectable and eminently conscientious business man found himself compelled to answer to eleven charges on one count because of carelessness in regard to the age certificates of children in his employ. He pleaded guilty and paid fines amounting to several hundred dollars. The next day he sent for all the printed instructions that are issued by the state factory inspector's office. It was evident that he did not mean to offend again. After the factory inspector has finished with the employer, he reports the cases to the department of compulsory education. Before long the child laborers are in school.

Sooner or later, every naughty, every dependent child finds its way into the juvenile court. Except as evidence, children are not allowed in any court but their own. Every possibility is there and every hopelessness.

Sometimes the two are so blended as to be practically indistinguishable. It was so with Mollie, who came in one cold October day. When the judge asked her how old she was, she smilingly owned up to twelve wayward years. So small was she that she could scarcely see over the railing that hedges in

judicial sanctity. Her eyes were big and blue and innocent-looking. There was nothing about her hair to show that it had ever been combed. Even the court had no power to tame her. She stared at the judge defiantly, and the probation officer, who was responsible for her appearance, looked as if she were thankful she had lived through the ordeal of Mollie's capture. It turned out that help of the police had been necessary before the capture was finally accomplished. A big policeman told the story.

"Your Honor, I found this child asleep last night in an ash barrel. When I took her out, she fought and kicked so that I could hardly hold her."

He looked a brawny policeman, too, and Mollie was small, very small. A smile went round the court-room. The sheer courage that was in Mollie was a thing to compel admiration. She turned her blue eyes toward the policeman and stared. Not the least thought of breaking down came into her head. She gloried in her career.

Judge Tuthill leaned forward and looked at her. Mollie returned his look with interest. "Is she twelve?" he asked at length.

Mollie stood upon tiptoe to make herself taller. She began to think that maybe age had something to do with the court. She still grinned.

"Why did you sleep in the streets, Mollie?" asked the judge.

"'Cause I wanted ter," responded Mollie.

"Don't you want to be a good, clean little girl?"

Mollie spread out her begrimed little hands on the railing and grinned harder. They were pitifully thin, those little hands, with fingers not much larger than straws. Under the dirt her face was pale with the tenebrous-house pallor. It is always in the faces of the street children—that pal-

lor—an ill augury for the health of the nation.

The judge looked and Mollie looked. Hers was a unique case. When the judge's look grew unbearable, Mollie turned her defiance on the policeman at her side. He looked at her seriously, reprovingly. That was not pleasant, either, so she shifted her gaze in the direction of the probation officer. There she met reproach—and pity! It was more than she could stand. Her blue eyes blinked once or twice, and she swallowed a choke in her throat. She was a very solitary and helpless little girl, after all.

"Don't you want to be loved? Don't you want to have any one love you?"

Her voice was quite steady when she answered. It did not sound as if it had ever been the voice of childhood. A woman's experiences, and that an evil woman, were in its tones.

"No, sir; I don't love no one—don't want no one to love me."

"Where is your mother?"

"She's no good."

"Where is your father?"

"Ain't got none."

Mollie perjured herself nobly. A tawdrily dressed woman stepped forward from the place where she had been waiting. "I'm her mother, your Honor. All the love that I can give her and the kind treatment won't keep her off the streets. Your Honor will do with her what he pleases."

"I think I will," replied the judge, grimly, with a look at a scarlet rose that flaunted its vivid boldness on the side of the woman's big black hat. "Can she read?"

He laid a paper before Mollie. "I can't read," she said, "but I kin copy writin'."

"How much do you make a week?"

He looked straight at the woman. Her eyes were like Mollie's, only as hard in their expression as unchanging eyes

of glass. There was no shame in her when she made answer:

"Little enough these days. Times is slow."

Mollie grinned again. "Beer," she said, under her breath.

The case was dragging. Twenty others were waiting. Mollie lifted up her two thin hands and set them down again on the railing. It was as if she had made up her mind to hang on to the railing, no matter what came. The judge made his decision quickly. "I commit this child to the training school for girls at Geneva."

That is another of the places where Chicago takes care of her children.

Little girls are there, only eight or nine—baby-faced little girls that one feels like taking up in one's arms and rocking to sleep. Yet they say, and truly, that these same dear babies are old—much older than many women. They call it a "training school" because they want these baby girls to forget. Mollie is there still. She will stay until she is quite grown up. Last week I saw her. Her little hands have dimples where the knuckles are. Twelve is pliable; she has forgotten all about the street. She is the city's own child, as is the boy who made twenty-nine dollars in one month.

Chicago has many like them.

To Bully Boy

(IN MEMORIAM)

BY H. K. VIELÉ

OLD friend, you win the race,
Scorning our slower pace,
And somewhere on the way
Alert with eager eyes
You plan a dog's surprise;
We know the game you play.

And following, unafraid,
Believe that He who made
Your great dog's heart is kind.
So the good welcome gate
Where wistfully you wait,
God grant we, too, may find.

William Nelson Cromwell

THE GENIUS OF THE PANAMA CANAL

BY JULIUS CHAMBERS

"MOUNT Pelée won the fight for Panama against Nicaragua!" said William Nelson Cromwell after the final vote on the Isthmian canal.

Correct in part, this statement does not give sufficient recognition to the six years of ceaseless effort on the part of Mr. Cromwell, by which official and sentimental preference for Nicaragua was changed to a legislative majority favoring Panama. He tells how this remarkable revolution was wrought out.

"The need of an isthmian canal had been conceded for fifty years," Mr. Cromwell resumed, his dark eyes reflecting the earnestness of his speech; "but Nicaragua was the only route discussed by American engineers for the last quarter century. Commission after commission reported in its favor, —never a favorable word for Panama. Very well, that was the situation when I undertook the seemingly impossible task of changing American sentiment. I was counsel for the Panama Railroad, and for that reason was known to the officers of the Panama Canal Company.

"A fact not heretofore stated or known in this country was that the French were supplied with money enough to complete the canal. The officers of the company were not desirous to sell. We heard a great deal at all times about the hopeless condition of the Panama project; most of the

statements were untrue. At the time I undertook to convince the Frenchmen that they had best sell out to the United States, more than three thousand men were at work on the canal. For my own satisfaction, I had a series of photographs taken over each mile of the route between Colon and Panama. These proved of infinite value later in the campaign.

"Before I could begin the task of convincing the American Congress of the wisdom of digging the great ditch, and owning it, instead of letting France get a foothold on the Isthmus, I had to persuade the Panama Company to fix a price and consent to sell. It was a forlorn hope, almost until the last hour; but I have succeeded! What more can I say? Only, that I slept on the memorable night of my return to New York, after the last vote was taken, with a peace and an ease of mind I had not known for more than five years. I experienced relief from mental strain, such as mere mortal man never can know in greater degree."

Thus did Mr. Cromwell earn the largest fee ever paid to a member of the bar—two million dollars! For years, during the sessions that have been long or short,—ending abruptly on the fourth of March, or dragging along into June,—Counsellor Cromwell has been appearing before committee after committee, always talking in the same confident manner. There is a quality in his voice, I soon discov-

ered, that evinces sincerity. This had much to do with the effect his hundred or more addresses made upon Senators and Representatives. Never, in or out of session, did Mr. Cromwell or an agent of his ask any Congressman to vote for Panama. It was a ceaseless campaign of education, but it was waged in the open and through the mails by the distribution of reports, photographs and maps,—all attested by United States Ministers, engineers of international reputation and eminent travelers. The workmen of Mr. Cromwell's Bureau of Information were sleepless. Its director was an able and experienced journalist.

But Mr. Cromwell did not have any associate counsel. His was the directing mind. When Mr. Knox went to Paris, it was to submit Mr. Cromwell's written opinion upon the validity of the title of the French Canal Company to the highest authority on French civil law, M. Waldeck-Rousseau. Early in the undertaking Mr. Cromwell had taken the precaution to satisfy himself that he had property with a clear title to sell. The distinguished Parisian *avocat* gave several weeks to an examination of every phase of the contracts, and reported unequivocally in favor of the Cromwellian brief.

Diplomatic art of the highest grade must be credited to the victor in this campaign, because the weapon of absolute truth was always employed. Diplomacy and double-dealing, not to use stronger language, have been intimately associated heretofore. As Senator Hanna said, only a few weeks before his last illness: "Cromwell was 'Johnny on the spot,'—always prepared to answer questions, always ready with proofs,—*proofs*, remember,—to sustain his contention." I asked Mr. Cromwell about Senator Hanna's conversion.

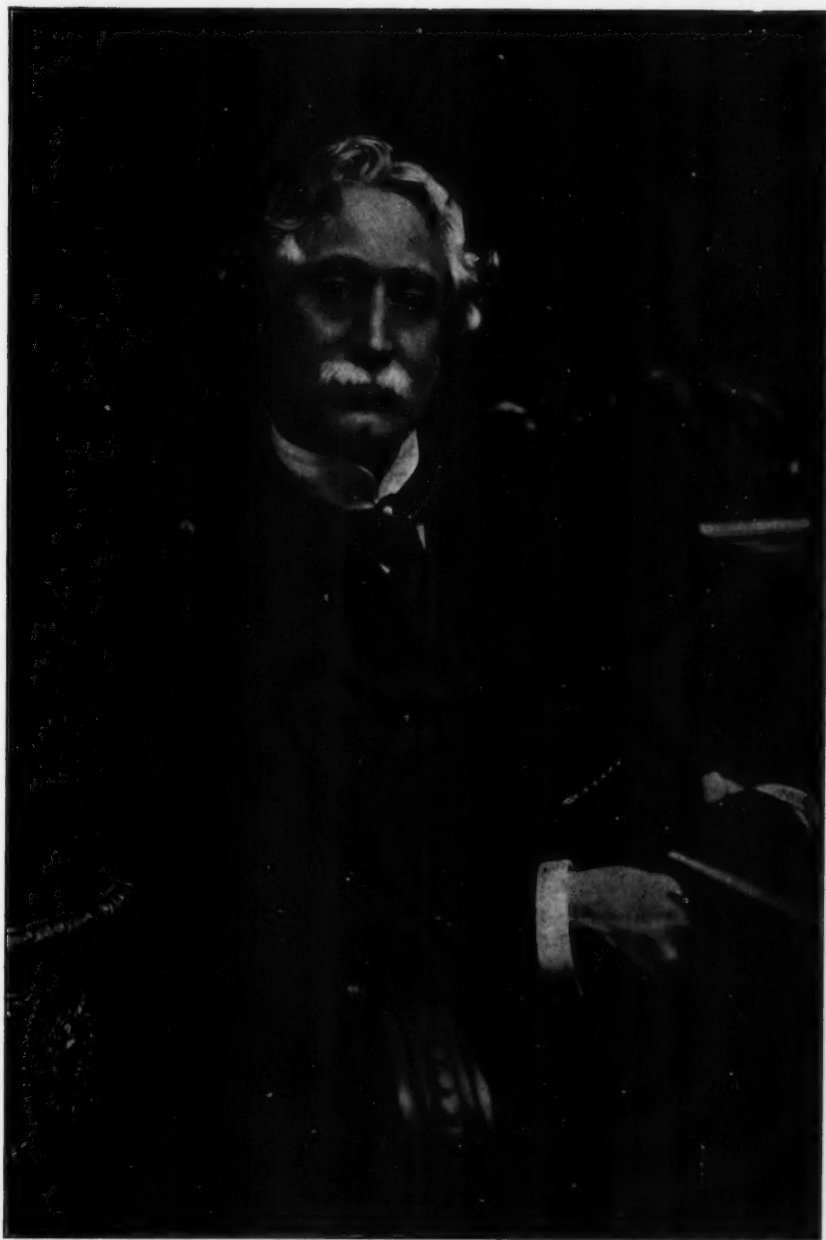
"It was a great surprise to me, because of its unexpectedness," replied

the counsellor. "The Ohio Senator had been classed among the warmest supporters of Nicaragua. We had sent him reams of reports and other information; but I doubted if he had time to examine the material. One day, to my infinite surprise and gratification, Mr. Hanna stopped me in the capitol corridor and said: 'You deserve to win, Mr. Cromwell, because you are constantly anticipating information that is not in the possession of Congress, and supplying it instantly. Every statement furnished by you has stood the closest scrutiny. Above all, yours has been a clean fight.' He didn't tell me that day that he'd support the Panama route; but he did, soon after, and became one of its warmest advocates. A Southern Senator said to me, after the struggle was ended: 'I believed what I heard about you maintaining a lobby here, but personal investigation convinced me that every known lobbyist was against you and in favor of Nicaragua.'"

Right here I may say that while I was having one of the talks with Mr. Cromwell upon which this article is based, the present King of the Lobby, Colonel D., came up to us, in the New Willard, and said: "You have won; but I hope you never will come here again, because you have not been of any use to the Third House. We expected your defeat, because you did not spend a dollar in the 'regular way.'" The King of the Lobby meant to say that he had not been supplied with money to use or—to keep.

"It will sound incredible," said Mr. Cromwell at another time; "but, of the entire membership of the present Congress, I am not personally acquainted with more than fifteen Senators and twenty members of the House."

Before me was a man who had won the order of knighthood at the hand of the God of Success! Apparently devoid of self-consciousness, no man



From a photograph made for THE READER MAGAZINE

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WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL

could have blamed him for feeling and showing vanity. Not a superlative adjective in our language, if applied to his achievement, dare decline to serve.

What manner of man is William Nelson Cromwell? His snow-white hair and mustache accentuate the strong lines of determination in his keen, earnest face. The dark-blue eyes are his most distinctive feature. Although hardly above medium height and rather slender of figure, his broad shoulders indicate athletic training or open-air work early in life. His age can only be a guess to a stranger who meets him for the first time. It is not set down in the dictionaries of contemporaneous celebrities, and the counselor's hair is prematurely white. Mr. Cromwell tells me he was born in New York, January 7, 1854, which makes him fifty years old. He is a son of Colonel John Nelson Cromwell, of the Forty-seventh Illinois Volunteers, who was killed in battle, July 16, 1863, after passing through the three days' contest at Gettysburg. The subject of this sketch was educated by private tutors, owing to his delicate health, and was graduated at Columbia Law School in the class of 1877.

This man of to-day is very striking in personality and figure, and would be singled out among a multitude by any student of men. He is senior member of the firm of Sullivan & Cromwell, founded by Algernon S. Sullivan, who was a Sir Philip Sydney in chivalry, benevolence and gentleness of character. Throughout his career at the bar, Mr. Cromwell has made a specialty of corporation law, and was one of the pioneers in the formation of the gigantic companies for which the United States is to-day noted. As a reorganizer of bankrupt firms, he has earned enviable renown. He has always succeeded in restoring the crippled concerns to a paying basis.

Grappling with large propositions,

involving millions of money, was not an act of novelty to Mr. Cromwell, therefore, and when he undertook to rehabilitate the character of the Panama Canal Company and sell its charter to the United States, he went about the task with the same enthusiasm he had displayed on many previous occasions. Had he not organized the National Tube Company, in 1899, with a capital of eighty million dollars? Why should he balk at making a sale of property inventoried at only half as much?

"What were the methods of your campaign?" I asked Mr. Cromwell, several days ago, as we sat in the parlor of his home in West Forty-ninth Street. In front of us stood a pipe organ of huge proportions, and near the door to the dining-room was a grand-piano, resplendent in white and gold.

"In the beginning, I uttered not a word against the Nicaragua route,—I couldn't afford to put my judgment against all the experts of a quarter of a century," said Mr. Cromwell. "Then, I studied until I knew every inch of the Panama survey by heart. Did I go there? No; I did a wiser thing; I staked my case on photography and topographical surveys that could not be wrong. Besides, I hadn't time to visit Panama. Perhaps I may go there now, on a vacation.

"The famous trip of the Oregon marks the beginning of the end of Isthmian canal agitation, but Nicaragua was more benefited than Panama, at first. We began our work of education by furnishing maps and printed reports to the members of Congress. We sent the same material to the newspapers, for a while, but not a journal in the land was on our side. The editors would not print our articles, but we could not afford to pay for their publication. The Associated Press would not send out a word favorable

to Panama. Why? I know not. But, we kept right at work. The deeper our despair, the greater our energy!

"How can I epitomize the toil and anxiety of the past five years? I have lived on the night trains between here and the Capital; I have made more than four hundred trips to Washington. Ah! I can give you a hint as to my feelings! When my train pulled out of Washington that afternoon of victory, I gazed long and intently at the great white dome on Capitol Hill. Why? Nearly every time I arrived or departed from Washington have I seen that lofty object with shiverings of anxiety, disquietude and pain. It mocked me in my bitterest moments; its calm placidity added to my despair. Thousands of hours, precious to me and vital to my hopes, were apparently wasted, with the connivance of that lofty, white dome. But, when I looked it in the face from the car window that never-to-be-forgotten day, I mentally said: 'You terrify me no longer! You can stay there for ever; I have fought you to a finish,—and won!' It was a feeling of triumph,—an indescribable thrill of victory over the inanimate,—that I can hardly expect any one to understand."

A period of silence followed, impressive as any speech. I finally asked:

"When did you detect the first signs of a change of sentiment in favor of Panama?"

"We didn't detect it, our opportunity came out of the deadly lava and fumes of Mount Pelée," was the reply. Mr. Cromwell was speaking with the same enthusiasm that an editor employs when he gives orders to his staff for "a good murder story." "St. Pierre and other towns of Martinique were swept away by the fiery breath of a supposedly innocuous volcano. We had known about the volcanic character of Nicaragua, but had not played our cards, because we couldn't afford to

waste a single trump, and the proper lead had not come our way. Here was opportunity! I seized it. I knew that all previous discussion of the earthquakes of Nicaragua had fallen on dull ears; but accurate information, up to the hour, would have enduring effect while memory of St. Pierre lasted. I burned up a few hundred dollars in cable messages to Managua and Grenada. Maps were prepared at those places, regardless of expense, showing the location of every volcano in Nicaragua. Cost was not inquired into. I only insisted that the maps must be absolutely truthful and attested by the American Minister and Consuls. These maps were hurried to Washington, over the shortest route by a special messenger.

"When I had them in my hands, I knew the long fight was won! The best draftsmen in Washington were engaged to make enlargements of the maps, which were hung upon the walls of the Canal Committee rooms, without comment. Each volcano in Nicaragua was represented by a red spot, and, I tell you, the maps looked as if they had been used for targets,—the shot filled with carmine ink.

"Events again favored us. An eruption from one of the so-called 'extinct craters' on the shore of Lake Nicaragua occurred! Lava poured down the mountain side, barely missing a village at its foot but destroying much valuable wharf property. We piled Mombacho upon Pelée! Here were the arguments I needed to combat the Nicaragua route, without opposing it. You understand," added the speaker, smiling, "I merely called attention to the facts, more in sorrow than in a spirit of criticism. One earthquake and a fissure an inch wide in the great dam proposed on the San Juan would sweep away one hundred millions of property and close the canal for ten years. These were facts,—just as pat-

ent as the presence of the volcanoes. They could no longer be sneered at or explained away.

"I never fought anybody, as I have already said; wasn't strong enough to do so, until after the Martinique disaster. That awful calamity was worth years of arguments, so I struck while the ruins of St. Pierre were still aflame. There was talk about lobbies. Some of it may have been true; but, they weren't our lobbies. Money may have been spent to defeat *any* canal; that is another matter. But, we had no money to disburse that way. We couldn't have won thus, no matter what our resources. Ten thousand dollars for printing and my own personal expenses for nearly six years represent our outlay. Not one dollar in gift or tribute to anybody! About the Pana-

ma revolution? I know only what I read in the newspapers; our campaign was practically over before that event occurred. We had no part in it," and the lawyer closed his mouth reproachfully, at the mere suggestion.

As the writer rose to take his leave, Mr. Cromwell said:

"There is one final word I wish you'd add, and I do hope it will be accepted as the sincere utterance of an American. Aside from any personal glory or emolument that has or may accrue to me, I am rejoiced that the Panama route has been selected, because I am a lover of my country and know,—better perhaps than any other living man,—that the objections to the river and lake route of the Nicaragua canal are countless, and in most instances insurmountable."

A Backslider.

BY FREDERIC S. ISHAM

DURING the period of his domesticity Jack was gentle, well-behaved, and trotted in the straight and narrow path of canine respectability. He did not steal; his frank, brown eyes conveyed no covert impression of rapacity nor latent desire to plunder; his wagging tail expressed only good will for his master, his master's daughter, and all his master's friends.

"Not a bad dog, but shiftless!" was the general estimate of Jack, and as shiftlessness was a trait with which so many of the community of Utopia Springs, Arkansas, were afflicted, his shortcomings were not only winked at, but regarded as inseparable from his

surroundings. Indeed, the man, woman or animal that was not shiftless at Utopia Springs, was a bright and shining exception in that singularly purposeless commonalty. The truth of the matter—the actual depth of Jack's shiftlessness, or backsliding—did not become known until after the tragic happening, when it became apparent that all his fine domesticity was but a conventional veneer, and his nice, civilized ways a sort of society gloss.

All that spring he had been a contented and ornamental fixture at the broad fireside of his master's home, where he appeared to realize the full pictorial possibilities of "man's faithful friend and companion." Not only

that; he seemed pleased to enact the rôle of affectionate and forbearing playmate to his master's six-year-old daughter. When she tumbled over him, he wagged his tail; when she pulled his ears, he caressed the chubby hand; when she walked upon him, he but regarded her with gentle eyes, as if to say: "Take care, my dear, you don't fall!" And when she did fall, inasmuch as a canine door-mat can express contrition or sympathy, this door-mat did. Certainly those months were happy ones both for Gladys and Jack, and the latter seemed to have "settled down" in earnest, discarding permanently any vague vagabond proclivities.

"Jack's becoming a regular home body," said his owner only the night before the dog's last fall from grace. "Doesn't get himself lost in the woods for days at a time any more; do you, old fellow?"

Jack's response was effusive, corroborative; but was soon checked, for the child, Gladys, weary of tumbling over him or walking on him, had fallen asleep with her golden head against him, and the loud thumping of the tail had caused her to open her blue eyes. Now, Jack seemed to know he had disturbed the sweet slumbers of his little mistress, for his brown eyes turned reproachfully to his master as the indirect cause of his thoughtless indiscretion. But the mischief was done; the door-mat ceased to be a pillow and the child raised her head.

"Time for bed, Gladys!"

She rubbed her eyes, as if trying to rub away some of the fairy dreams of baby-land, and, partially succeeding, became sleepily cognizant of Jack and the purport of the parental command when thrice repeated.

"I wants to s'leep here," she said.

"Nonsense!" replied the doctor.

"You come along."

The dog undoubtedly sympathized

with the child, but the master's word was law, and "early to bed and early to rise" was the inexorable penalty of being young. So, although Jack may have entertained strong views of his own on the matter, he made no outward signs of expostulation, but quietly surrendered to the inevitable. Perhaps, too, the manner of their parting brought a certain compensation of its own, for assuredly it was no small pleasure to have your head tightly encircled by those strong young arms and to hear a soft, sweet voice: "I loves 'oo, Jack!" Especially when it was followed by a wave of the hand at the door and an oft-repeated good night that implied a world of regret.

As long as he could hear the patter of the tiny feet the dog listened. A pleasant choking in his throat was a sweet reminder of that Amazonian embrace, and he stretched his jaws retrospectively, after which he curled himself more comfortably and prepared to dream of the joys of a warm room, a roof to cover him and the amiable companionship of indulgent friends. No dog had a better home, no dog a kinder mistress, no dog more reason to be gratefully thankful; and yet on that night of nights something occurred that drew Jack's thoughts from the sober pleasures of the fireside, set his blood a-tingling and awakened once more the old roaming, vagrant desires, to which he had partly yielded in the past.

A long-drawn, far-distant howl, floating over the hill and seeming to come from the heart of a neighboring gulch! In an instant the dog's sleep was broken and he was on his feet; had run to a window, and, panting hard, looked out. Below stretched the slope of the hill, sprinkled with the frost; yonder uprose the ragged outlines of the Ozark mountains. Mysterious shadows lay in the gullies; the silence, so rudely disturbed, now seemed eter-

nal. A moment Jack listened, then dropped to the floor and trotted to a window on the other side of the room. From this point, far beneath, the gulch, like a great V, extended to the north, melting in the darkness. Some spot beyond the gleaming crystals of frost or snowflake engrossed the dog's attention and he whined softly, but a commanding voice from the neighboring chamber caused him to return to the hearth and the smoldering embers.

His slumber, however, continued to be strangely disturbed. He closed his eyes, not to think of his mistress or his immediate surroundings, but to see a phantom forest and the ghostly pack. In his sleep he heard the pattering of feet and beheld the distant sheepfold. As vividly as if it were real, he listened to the cackling hens, the neighing horses and the "bawling" cows. How like fire shone the eyes of his carnivorous consorts! What gaunt and shambling forms they had! What a mad dash they made amid the clack and clatter of the barnyard! And the midnight feast, with the snapping and snarling! Ah, here was no vegetarian diet in a pan, or a bare bone that had been boiled in a kettle! In his dreams Jack growled.

He had gone to sleep a canine Doctor Jekyll; he awoke a wolfish Mr. Hyde. Whence came the dual personality? Perhaps a distant interbreeding with the creatures of the forest—an affiliation not uncommon in dogs brought up on the borders of the wilderness—had given him a double nature. Perhaps, deep down somewhere in his canine entity, lurked that primeval spring the bubbles from which arise betimes in man or dog. Be that as it may, no sooner was the front door opened the next morning than Jack was off like a shot for liberty, joy, rapacity and all it meant.

"Confound that dog!" said the doctor, his owner. "He's gone again,

Gladys. Straight for the timber! I thought he was getting over those tricks. Never mind, my dear; he'll come back again."

But the child only cried and ran down the road.

"Jack! Jack!" she called after him.

The dog looked back—hesitated—but the fever was on him—the temptation of the Brute throbbed in his veins!—the savage note of the Beast sang in his brain!—and the tail that had wagged in amity now went between his legs. As if pursued by some demon of unrest, he fled down the street, up the road and out of the town.

"Never mind, Gladys," observed the doctor; "he'll come back."

But his little daughter refused to be comforted. "He won't! He won't! Oh, Jack! Jack!"

Meanwhile the subject of her grief continued his flight with the tireless gallop of a wolf, relaxing only on the bank of a stream after he had gone many miles. Hot and panting though he was, Jack evinced the aversion of the new character he had assumed to water by refusing to enter the brook, contenting himself with lapping from the edge. He was also conscious of a most voracious appetite; a gluttonous desire for fish, flesh or fowl. As the gratification of an especially keen longing for mutton was out of the question at present, he began to turn over in his mind the possibility of compromising on ground squirrel, a hare or a fox, when a growl from the opposite bank interrupted this trend of thought, and, looking up, he encountered the fiery eyes of a great gray wolf.

"What are you doing here?" said the gray wolf plainly by his manner.

"You can come over and find out!" was the snarling answer.

The gray wolf hesitated, but he was old and had a long memory.

"Oh," he seemed to say, with a half-sneer, "I know you now. So you have concluded to come back?"

"Yes," replied Jack in an equally independent and aggressive manner.

"Well, you know the price a novice has to pay!"

Perhaps the gray wolf did not really use this scholastic term, but his growl was eloquently suggestive of something of the sort. Jack did not waste time in useless diplomacy; war was declared without resource to polite formality or temporizing duplicity. Each sprang at the other's throat with uncompromising fierceness; each tore, snapped, snarled, fought and struggled with the unequivocal intention of obeying the primal law to kill. But finally the gray wolf reluctantly drew off; both were bleeding, lacerated, covered with froth and blood.

"I guess you'll do now," said the gray wolf, more amiably.

"If you have any doubts—" began Jack.

"Come along," returned the gray wolf, overlooking the inflection. "There's work to do to-night."

And Jack—how different in appearance from Jack of the fireside!—trotted limping through the forest with his new friend. From that day began the different life; the terrible, sanguinary life, where death galloped with the pack or lurked in the dark, hidden places of gulch and gully. As they warred against Society, so Society warred against them and strove to exterminate them. But the gray wolf was cunning, and when Society baited a steel trap with a tempting uncooked morsel, he held the others back.

"Beware!" he said, and with a quick, deft touch sprang the trap. "Now help yourselves to the meat!" Which they did, with an occasional bite at each other.

Then Society scattered poisoned flesh through the woods, but the gray

wolf merely scented it scornfully and tossed his head.

"Even a novice would not touch that," he exclaimed to Jack.

He explained, too, about guns, baited with beef, and taught them mild burglarizing feats from the élite of Society, who, emulating the example of early ancestors, sought those natural, if not commodious, mansions the mountains afforded.

"Never see anything like it," said Greasy Dick, when he discovered that a particularly choice side of "razor-back" had been purloined from the cave, his home, during a brief absence to town. "A man can't leave his humble domicile to fill a jug, nowadays!"

"It's that gray wolf," answered his wife, the homeliest woman in Arkansas, examining the rickety door that opened into their one-room stone house. "But, law's sake! how do you s'pose he lifted the latch?"

"Dunno!" returned Dick, angrily. "I dunno how he done it, but I do know this here come o' your goin' shoppin'!"

"Shoppin'!" she retorted. "Ain't a lady a right to go a-shoppin'?"

"No; she ain't!" he shouted. "Hereafter, I'll git the liquor alone. And you'll stay at home, as a wife should ought to do!"

Now, the homeliest woman in Arkansas—to digress briefly from the adventures of the Pack to the tittle-tattle of Society!—had a temper. Dick, gossip said, had not known this when he had traded a cow for her, but he had afterward learned, and sighed for the halcyon companionship of the bovine. But a "trade's a trade and a swap's a swap," and perforce he accepted his bargain. In the course of the argument that ensued in the present instance, Dick forgot all about wolves and the missing slab of lean hog, but when it was over he took down his gun and again trudged to town,

bent on having revenge upon some one or something. The indefinite desire grew definite, and the "wallopin'" Dick received that day from his better half resulted in a shaping of events that bore directly upon poor Jack and his friends.

Arriving at the scattered aggregation of houses on the hillside that constituted the town—one story in front and four stories high in the rear on the gulch side of the main street—Dick stopped at the doctor's office. That gentleman received his visitor coolly, having had experience with his credit, but was soon undeceived as to the object of his visitor's call; Greasy Dick had not come for a prescription; he wanted neither pills nor plasters.

"Le's git up a wolf-hunt, Doctor," he said.

The man of medicine relaxed; an ertswile veterinary, forced by the exigencies of circumstance into his present professional position, he was, like many another frontier disciple of Æsculapius, more proficient with the rifle than the lancet.

"Hum!" he answered, circumspectly, but followed this reservation with: "How many dogs you got?"

"Ain't got nothin' but a pup," returned he of the greasy locks. "But there's no want of hounds in the country."

"All right. Get up the party."

"Reckon I will!" retorted Dick. "An' if I don't clean out every dog-gasted wolf—" Perhaps at that moment he remembered the "wallopin'" he had received at home, for he shook his rifle vengefully and completed the sentence with a gesture more eloquent than words.

Dick's party proved a society event *par excellence*. Not every man will work, but nearly every man will hunt. It was his original pastime, and he relapses to it as naturally as he relapses to original sin. From far and

near, one early morn, all the tired, shiftless people came, but they no longer wore a weary aspect; the spirit of the Nimrod straightened their shambling forms; the glint of the chase shone in their erstwhile lack-luster eyes.

"All ready?" asked some one, peering down from the hilltop, their rendezvous, into the dark gulch below.

"I reckon we mought be, ef somebody weren't forgetful," said Greasy Dick, in an aggrieved and reproachful tone. "Never knew no luck in startin' off in sech a cold-spirited way, nohow. It ain't convivial and it ain't neighborly; an' any man what's got something buttoned up in his coat—mayhap to get broken in the scrimmage!—had order take warning."

It was a lengthy and somewhat involved speech for Dick, but was productive of desired results; some one did unbutton his coat; some one did pass something that went from hand to hand, or mouth to mouth. Whatever that something was, the greasy one smacked his lips as if well satisfied, drew in the rein of the bony nag he was astride, and said:

"Now let 'em go!"

And down the incline with a rush the dogs went most readily; soon out of the gulch came the clarion tones of a horn, and then suddenly a sharp yelping arose.

"They've caught the trail."

"No; it's only the pup," growled Greasy Dick. "He's probably treed a 'possum."

And so it proved. The 'possum was shaken from the tree, the puppy rewarded with a kick, and the hunt resumed.

About this time Jack, the doctor's dog, awoke in the cave where he lay, with a start. He had been dreaming of a fireside, of human voices, the loving arms of his little mistress. He opened his eyes to behold the forest,

and the gray wolf sleeping at his side. Jack regarded his companion with repugnance; a species of homesickness abruptly filled his canine breast. It was all very well for a time to skulk and kill and fight and steal, but soon the savage spell wore itself out.

He had run away from home before and returned—somewhat the worse for wear! Why should he not go back again? He remembered his reception on that last memorable occasion.

"Poor Jack! How thin 'oo looks! Was 'oo lost, poor Jack?"

And the great feast of civilized food (the cooked fatted calf!) that had been spread before him! Jack licked his chops. Yes; he would return; again adapt himself to the fireplace; metamorphose himself to a door-mat for fairy feet.

"I certainly shall do it," thought Jack, penitently, when again the sound that had awakened him from those dreams of home was heard, clear, penetrating.

"What's that?"

At the back of the cave a lean wolf with a litter sat up.

"You'll soon learn," said the gray wolf.

A distant yelping succeeded the more sonorous tones; then silence. The glittering eyes of the gray wolf shone like balls of fire; he prepared to desert the cave.

"Don't leave me," said the mother wolf.

"Likely I'll stay!" growled the gray wolf. "They'll get the trail, and it leads here. If there were only the dogs"—he snapped his teeth—"but there's Society behind them! You'd better come along and leave them"—the litter—"behind."

But the mother wolf refused.

"Perhaps they won't find the trail," thought Jack, hopefully.

Even at that moment, however, a deep, solemn baying broke the stillness

of the dawn, and the gray wolf quietly slipped out of the cave.

"You've got to run for it," he said to Jack, and then, with a snarl: "How would you like to be with them? But you can't! You've got to pay the penalty."

Terribly conscious of this grim truth, Jack trotted along. At first he felt stiff and sore from many a wild midnight run, but this feeling soon wore off before the excitement of the chase. He even experienced a certain savage pleasure in the mad flight, until the baying of the hounds grew nearer. Then uneasiness crept over him; he ran the faster, but with the consciousness of a hungry pack clinging to his trail. What if he could not shake them off?

"Quick! This stream!—It's our only chance!" panted the gray wolf.

Then Jack knew, indeed, their straits were desperate; for the first time the gray wolf's eyes shone with a haunting fear. And indeed his stratagem was in vain; even as they ran along the bed of the shallow water their pursuers caught sight of them.

"Might as well stop!" said the gray wolf, with a cunning glint in his now cowardly eyes. But he continued to run himself, and Jack refused to pause and cover his retreat.

More menacing rang the notes of the dogs; Jack strove to draw away from them; his panting breath came shorter, sharper, with great pain. Closer sounded the baying; closer—

Crack!

The gray wolf in front of him toppled and fell. Then from the bush arose the exultant voice of Greasy Dick:

"Reckon that critter won't steal no more bacon!"

Again Jack fancied he saw the dying embers—the flaxen-haired child—

Crack! Crack!

A greater anguish obliterated al'

other pangs. He found himself struggling to rise; he was on his feet once more. Only a moment—then the pain and dizziness was succeeded by oblivion. At the same time two men with guns came out of the bushes.

"Well, we've got a pair of them," said the foremost.

"And one of the worst of 'em!" added the organizer of the chase. "As for the other—" turning his glance to the motionless body of the dog—

"Why, it's Jack!" exclaimed the first speaker. "Bless me, it's Jack! Here I've gone and shot poor Jack!"

"Reckon it's what he deserved!" was the callous response of the other. "Arter purtendin' he was a dog, when he was half wolf, arter all!"

"Oh, I don't know," returned the doctor, thoughtfully. "When it comes to 'purtendin',' I have heard tell of people that weren't much better than Jack. I calculate he was as good as some bipeds. Don't know as he could help it because one of his ancestors was part wolf! Reckon some of our ancestors weren't much to brag about! I

know some of mine wouldn't hold a candle to a coyote. Didn't have any redeeming points, and that's more'n you could say about Jack. He was kind and good to Gladys, and—I'm going to give him a Christian burial."

The doctor was as good as his word; when the hunters returned that noon with the spoils of the chase, it was only the pelts of the gray wolf and the mother wolf they bore triumphantly with them. Unmutilated by the knife, Jack was decently consigned to the earth in the great, wild forest where he had wandered and roamed during those spells of license and freedom. Near him a stream murmured and whispered, sometimes madly, sometimes sadly; but the song of the waters was more often melancholy than blithe, down in the gulch, where the sunlight lingered such a brief while every day.

To Gladys the doctor did not confide the fate of the dog.

"Isn't Jack tummin' back to-day?" the child frequently asked. And when the doctor evaded, she would add: "I wants Jack to tum back."

The Reed

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

IT is not every one may blow
The Music through the reed.
It takes stanch breath indeed:
But would you so?
Outbrave the voice of war;
Or hail a star;
Or be so strong that you could keep unsaid
—While your heart bled—
One little word.
O Singer, never doubt you shall be heard!

Dramatic Experiments and Revivals

B1 MONTROSE J. MOSES

MR. Shakespeare has been to New York; his name, writ in incandescent brilliancy, has awakened us from the lethargy of the commonplace, and he is all the more welcome, coming as an oasis in the desert of experiments. Riding in the cars, one sees an occasional face buried behind a handy volume, preparing for the night's play; at the theater, rows of girls, bearing the unmistakable signs of the young ladies' seminary, follow the speeches with marked attention; down the aisles come the shining faces of boys, followed by indulgent parents allowing a rare evening's dissipation: through the house a ripple of merriment over the comedy, and silent expectancy before the more significant humanity of sadness. Mr. Shakespeare has been to town, and we are better for it.

Have you ever met with this entry in Pepys' diary? "After dinner to the Duke's house, and there saw 'Twelfth Night' acted well, though it be but a silly play, and not related at all to the name or day."

As for our opinion—Pepys' and mine—you may choose between us, but of all Shakespeare's girl heroines, Viola is to me the rarest type of spontaneity, tempered with a mellow tone of sorrow; she is so variable in her sudden shifting that study will not secure the color for the acting, as will thorough sympathy with the temperament of the rôle.

Two productions of the play have recently been given, and Miss Viola Allen has invited comparison with Miss Edith Wynne Matthison. There is something more than verbal expression to the part—in fact, to every one of Shakespeare's characterizations there is a growth in spirit as well as in situation. With Miss Allen's Viola there was the letter-perfect, with none of the keenness and expansiveness of which I speak; there was ambition with none of the unconsciousness of enthusiasm. Unfortunately, her delivery of blank verse added to the studied precision of her lines. Very few actors have grasped the fact that pentameter accents do not have to be separated by monotonous line cesuras, but that form alone should differentiate such poetry from the highest rhythmic prose. Mr. Ben Greet's company in this respect is wonderfully musical and well-trained, and in their performance of "Twelfth Night", given in the Elizabethan style of no change of scenes, and no shifting or cutting of text, there was a delightful evenness and tenderness that came from a full understanding of the play.

The Viola of Miss Matthison has only occasional light moments, negatively criticised by many, but if we read the context correctly, there is not much of joy infused into the sensitive nature that is forced to hide an absorbing love for the man she loves, besides mourning a brother lost to her. Miss

Matthison's lightness rises almost to the surface, but never, and rightly, does it overflow. Miss Allen was neither gay nor yet sad enough; she caught the perplexity that runs halfway through the speech "I left no ring with her" (Olivia) but failed to feel the heart-throb in "My father had a daughter loved a man." Extravagance of praise is sometimes too profusely given, but it is not too much to say that Miss Matthison goes delightfully outside her grief in the former speech, and in the latter, sounds the reverberant note in the comedy. I do not believe that her exuberance is so mirthful as it is inspirational, and because of this, her Rosalind is too mature in feeling and too rich in experience. But her Viola is as flawless a bit of changing emotion, as her Everyman is of increasing intensity of spiritual revelation. It holds, however small her business; and her rich voice, with its wonderful flexibility, is full and well-rounded.

The two performances differed principally in the gain intensively of the Elizabethans over the others, especially noticeable in the scenes with Sir Toby and Sir Andrew—where the characters are usually thrust into the comic, and made coarse through over-acting, rather than shown weak by reason of their very natures. In Miss Allen's "Twelfth Night" there was considerable business in the scene preceding the inimitable candle incident, that provoked laughter as burlesque would; in the other Sir Toby (B. A. Field) and Sir Andrew (J. S. Crawley) there was no conventional manner of drunkenness and boisterousness, but a shambling sedateness that filtered through an uncontrollable stupor—keen humor rather than horse play.

Mr. Greet as Malvolio gave a notably clear-cut impersonation. Olivia's steward is imperious, haughty, condescending, and with his false superior-

ity, incident to his easy gullibility about the supposed letter from the lady Olivia, the acting was capitally done. So, in "As You Like It", with the melancholy Jacques, who would ever be sad were he merry, and is satisfied in his sadness,—this Jacques, with his stolid acceptance of the world as incidental to his philosophy which is a vital commentary—his reading of the lines was apt and sympathetic. Yet in both rôles similar faults were evident: an inclination to fall to the level of the comic, and an over-emphasis of the parts, which should be made secondary by subdual.

Mr. Greet's company has given us much to think about. It has unbottled the effervescent spirit of the past, and shown what training will do for a steady organization that has unity of idea as well as of purpose. With the addition of "She Stoops to Conquer", it has a repertoire that keeps fresh the appreciation of differences in character and method. If in "As You Like It" the "green-wood" spirit was not let loose in Arden gladness, if it did not reach fully the holiday humor, the sprightliness in its richness of feeling, at least its earnestness was the result of high intent; if the drop-scenes broke into the illusion by a mechanical creak and rustle in the semi-darkness, it was a fault that stage management can easily remedy.

I have not seen it noted anywhere that Mr. Otis Skinner departed from the Shylock of recent years by placing a cross on the sleeve of his cloak as the sign of the usurer. Such points are not often discussed in the papers, since an overweight of study scares those who seek for pleasure rather than accuracy. Yet on the stage to-day the student-pride is exacting, and not foreign to the actor's art. Mr. Skinner's *Variorum* (Furness) volume was well marked when he showed it to me and turned to the line "for sufferance is

the badge of all our tribe." The note following called attention to an edict of the Senate of Venice exacting the cross insignia as a mark of mortification, and though such actors as Cooke and Macklin and Edwin Booth and Irving wore the colored cap instead, Mr. Skinner saw fit to be persuaded otherwise. His performance throughout "The Merchant of Venice" shows the same careful deliberation.

The traditional manner of distorting Shylock by making an exaggerated comic type of him has given way to the conception of tragedy. Booth used to close the play after the trial scene, ignoring the basic idea of relief, as shown in the exquisite poetry of the moonlight ending. To me, the test moment of the play is the drop-scene "How now, Tubal! What news from Genoa?" and it was here that Mr. Skinner showed a force that revealed the unevenness of many of his other moments. The conflicting passions engulfing him—the bond to be realized—the daughter lost—all his moods were so shaded as to make his superlative delivery seem one with the passion. In his first entrance (a hard one for an actor to make, since he must be far advanced in the atmosphere of the piece) the character key-note for the audience is "Three thousand ducats"; here Mr. Skinner was not thoroughly convincing, but his strength rose again in the trial scene, as a most vivid balance for the one bright spot in Miss Rehan's acting. Perhaps Portia's first scene with Nerissa was more declamatory than it was natural, perhaps the casket scene lacked the youthfulness of suppressed emotion—in this judgment scene the psychological moment was hers, and she infused warmth and beauty into the dialogue.

On the whole, Mr. Skinner's production will stand out in the year's summary; his impersonation is worthy because of its sincerity—because it leads

to expect from him a continued unfolding of his undoubted powers.

The Shylock of Sir Henry Irving shows a thorough ripeness of conception and certainty of method that come only with time. There are two very sharp contrasts in his work,—the extremes of a peculiar nature—the avaricious keenness of the usurer, whom hate has maddened—the enfeebled father, who shows his loneliness in many places by scenic effect. Several times there was evident a tribal traditional pride that was not devoid in demand on sympathy—but again the rapaciousness, the consuming cunning lent to the lean Jew an atmosphere reminiscent of Barabas, in Marlowe's "The Jew of Malta." Yet, always, Shakespeare gives us the gleams of humanity that save the rôle from repulsiveness. A word must be added concerning Sir Henry's Portia (Miss Mabel Hackney), a most delightful bit of acting that embodied more of the varying qualities than were shown by Miss Rehan, and that was earnest and worthy in conception. Miss Hackney likewise appeared as Brewster's niece in "Waterloo", and was quite appealing in her girlishness. This "classic" is wonderfully shaded, and though the corporal of Sir Henry is somewhat the same as the Mathias in "The Bells", as regards method, still one goes away with distinct and haunting impressions—with a creepy jangling sensation concerning "The Bells" that I thought Edgar Allan Poe alone monopolized. A great actor of Sir Henry's stamp has given to dramatic history two immense characterizations.

In several of the Shakespearean revivals I have been following a pet theory of mine by studying the many annotated editions, yoked to the scholarship that encumbers every word. But though I have enjoyed it, I have not come any nearer to Shakespeare than if I had taken a modest volume and

sought for the spirit rather than the letter. I have an edition of "Macbeth" that reminds me of the geography definition of an island, modified into a little bit of Shakespeare entirely surrounded by notes. It is the flow of color, however, that we are after—the geniality, the soul—rather than the quibble over a word. Two interesting volumes are those of Dr. Furness relative to "Hamlet," yet for the average audience the text alone suffices—the text in the hands of a responsive intellect, for interpretation.

Mr. Forbes Robertson has given a conception of the melancholy Dane that deviates in many particulars from the usual picture. The moody, temperamental, poetic philosopher has become a phlegmatic thinker, as splenetic as he is at times courteous; as jovial as he is ready to be suspicious. Mr. Robertson's sonorous voice, his wiry frame, his mobility of face—reveal a Hamlet that has been through crises and is weather-beaten: there is not so evident the bewilderment that should control him at times when his inactivity lets the moments slip. Every sting to his soul is made clear, every shiver, in the face of enormous crime. One feels his refinement, which is the mainspring to his character, and, as in his Dick Heddar, so Mr. Robertson's Hamlet is made up of sensitiveness—an organism that is restive, the very antithesis to melancholia.

As Ophelia, Miss Elliot was distinctly pleasing, and the fine shading from simplicity to simpleness was well-maintained. The innovation of the dark hair in the place of the light wig of the first few performances lent more strength to her face than should be allowed, but she carried the mad scene with sympathy and finish.

In the mind's eye, "Hamlet" is a somber play; one would almost see the bathos of the final dissolution, were not one held by the immensity of the char-

acter. Mr. Robertson believes in great contrast: the mad scene occurs in an orchard at the height of springtime—a slim text reference countenancing the same—and the hall through which he is carried in the last act faces the light and the sea. Oppressiveness is nowhere felt in the spiritual struggle; indeed, were one obliged to hunt for flaws alone, one could take refuge only in the regret that Mr. Robertson had moments of external acting rather than internal growth. But withal, he was thoroughly natural, and is by far the greatest Hamlet of the present.

The care with which stage versions of Shakespeare are being prepared has been a striking note in the recent revivals, but the text used by The Century Players in their "Much Ado About Nothing" is surprisingly modern and distraught. I attempted to follow the acts with the text before me, but slices of scenes fell away so rapidly, and new phraseology fell into place so easily, that dire confusion was the result. Here, for example, was an emendation, which is reproduced from memory. After all the delightful banter between Beatrice and Benedick—after the altar scene with Hero and Claudio—comes the outburst of energy in Beatrice's "O that I were a man!" which ends in Benedick's exit to challenge Claudio for his outrage on Hero. Shakespeare ends the scene (2, Act I) with Benedick's saying: "Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead: and so, farewell." But Mr. Rosenfeld proceeds further:

Beatrice (calling): Benedick!

Benedick (returning from R.): Yes?

Beatrice: Kill him (meaning Claudio).

Benedick (going): Yes.

Beatrice (calling): Benedick!

Benedick (returning): Well?

Beatrice (with emphasis): Kill him dead!

I can find these restorations nowhere, so I take it they must be original; besides which, changes of phrases were often noticeable, and there was the kindly substitution of "heaven" for "God." So extensive were the cuts and shifting that it was difficult to relish thoroughly the bravado of these two of Shakespeare's friendliest enemies, and the ponderousness of Mr. Hatch's Dogberry quite deadened the humor.

But in general Mr. Rosenfeld is to be praised for a venture that is needed, if conducted rightly. The stock company will yet have its day, in the individual theaters, as well as in the National Theater scorned by Mr. Carnegie. If his company, with the exception of Miss Millward, showed classic inexperience, they can be brought to a state of appreciation by careful conducting and constant change of rôle. Miss Millward has the *verve* that belongs to Beatrice; if she was not clear-cut, it was more the fault of the lack of scenic unity than the work of the artist. Let Mr. Rosenfeld follow the trend of being wary of any but *judicious* cutting, and his next Shakespearean effort will be better. We realized the difficulties under which his players made their exits and their entrances—the cramped stage, where circulation was sluggish; Shakespeare always requires freedom, air, perspective; we likewise have read of his unfortunate beginnings. In the face of these the public should wait with interest what is now but experiment and venture; he has shown what is not bad, but what could be better.

Spaciousness is a word that would be applicable, however, to Mr. Mansfield's "Ivan the Terrible," which is an artistic character portrayal set in immense proportions. This czar of the latter part of the sixteenth century, grown old before his time, with the inborn superstition of his era—re-

minder of Louis XI of Villon's day—was pictured in all his puerility, his petulant savagery, his defiant pride, his brutal keenness. Seated in a chair, and facing those of his statesmen who would be rid of him, haunted by the augury that he is to die at a particular moment, and trying to outwit God as he has outwitted his evil-wishers, there was no Mr. Mansfield before the lights, but a crumbling arch-fiend, who lashed through situations with a passion that only ceased when the jaws snapped in death. And this scene surpassed his "*Mais que diable*" speech in "Cyrano de Bergerac"; it was strong because of its *being* rather than of its *acting*. We in America have one artist on the stage who has the force to carry interest throughout a chronicle play—Ivan being an example of the severe type. The mind follows every move, every scheme, every flood of remorse, every cunning design; and throughout the extraneous scenes, full of local color, the wonder anticipates the next entrance of the savage fox, who would plough his way through blood. It is a great conception rather than an interesting story.

It is not to be expected that the public should eat a cake and have a cake—nor does Shakespeare monopolize the stage; there are many dramas now current that fall within the conventional classes of artificial pictures. What we all know to be a fact about the American dramatist is that he pays too much attention to novelty, and that is the matter with "The Pit," even though its run is popular. Stage management has cleverly marshaled a crowd of men into the semblance of a mob—a panic—and that is about the only thoroughly natural scene in the piece. The first act reveals a Chicago audience in the lobby of the opera house, ill-mannered and un-American; the second act brings in a killing, the result of speculation; the third act finds the hero and

heroine married, the former engrossed in his business that is full of the fever of Wall Street, and the wife lonely and neglected, wavering between a former lover and her better nature; the fourth act brings the two together after a slump in wheat; and so the story is told—melodrama mostly, but allowing a few opportunities for Miss Jane Oaker to show pleasing qualities of voice and manner, and for Mr. Lackaye to work nobly with a matter-of-fact part. "The Pit" will draw because of the pit; business men will go for the sake of judging whether the stage is able to reproduce the intoxication of a speculative mind.

We have been given another example of an after-dinner drama in "Man Proposes," which is a slender remedy for *ennui*, a story that carries with it a half-suppressed yawn. Mr. Henry Miller is capable of larger efforts, and to see an actor willing to appear in such thin material is irritating. The acts unfold the relations between two brothers, one of whom, a rascal, passes himself off as the other in name and nearly wins a girl the other loves; in the climax, if such a style play can have one—yes, even weak tea may boil over—the young scamp is protected and the hero comes to his own. One can easily detect a finish Mr. Miller has, that would tell under strong conditions; he made a name for himself in such work as "Sowing the Wind," and on the road, with Miss Anglin, he had a *repertoire* that required something more than mere walking through

his scenes for two hours:—it is surprising that mediocrity should be shown in places where opinion counts for so much. Dresden-china humor is enjoyable, and "Quality Street" is still freshly remembered, as are certain charming touches in "Cousin Kate" and "Mice and Men"; but "Man Proposes" is as inapt in its china qualities as it is in its cambric brew. This, however, is not the fault of the acting of Mr. Miller, or the sincerity of his leading lady, Miss Hammond, but is entirely the fault of injudicious selection.

But the balance of public taste is hard to reckon with, for, even as "The Girl from Kay's" has drawn for months, so "The Yankee Consul" is playing to crowded houses. Mr. Raymond Hitchcock is a mirth-provoker, and his vehicle allows of detached incidents that of themselves are irresistible, and very handy for parlor brilliancy, if they can be remembered at the right time. Our consular service is grotesquely hit off in this piece of inconsistency, the plot of which is difficult to unify; it is funny, and as amusement goes is clever.

When one considers the dramatics that are now coming in upon us, there is a feeling truly that the lethargy of the early part of the season has passed: worthy dramatic experiments are occurring weakly, and the revivals evince both care in preparation and ability. A wave of depression before the break; perhaps we are on the threshold of the dawn, who knows?



Without Prejudice

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL

OUR LADY OF RADIUM

A SKEPTICAL letter, recently published, entitled "The Ravings about Radium," seemed to me rather happily headed. For the writer tries to pour cold water on the new candescence and to reduce it to the old phosphorescence. His reason for doubting the existence of the new element is that it has never been isolated, nor its atomic weight and other chemical aspects ascertained; and he winds up by suggesting that he would be fit for a lunatic asylum were he to assert that the glow-worm is a new element. Indeed he would. What a person might assert without his sanity being questioned is that possibly the glow-worm contained a new element. It is not, indeed, likely that the luminosity of our friend, the glow-worm, is due to the presence of radium, else we should all spend our evenings collecting him or his cousin, the firefly, since the present market price of radium is thirty thousand francs per gramme; and when I had the privilege of meeting the Curies in London, the professor carried about in his waistcoat pocket a tiny glass tube of radium, which he said was worth nine hundred pounds.

Phosphorescence is not necessarily always the product of the same cause, any more than intoxication. It is often a mere effect of chemical changes, or a slow combustion. How the glow-worm glows nobody knows, but its lovely green light can scarcely be due to the presence of an element unless that ele-

ment can be extinguished and reilluminated at the worm's will, and is moreover an exclusive appanage of the female. For I understand from a learned doctor that the glow-worm's light is really the brilliancy necessary to attract the male, and that as soon as the gallant lover has been allured, out goes the light: much as some young ladies cease to play the piano after marriage.

Nor does the fact that radium may not yet have been extracted in solitary purity counteract the evidences of its existence. I must admit that as an ignorant layman I imagined that the radium in the professor's waistcoat was the pure element; but even if it was only a chloride, the radium remained as much a reality as the sodium in salt. Besides, I find that the well-known expert, Mr. William J. Hammer, in a lecture delivered to an assembly of chemists and electricians in New York, declares positively that Professor Curie showed him at his laboratory a tiny brown bulb, which contained the only sample of chemically pure radium in the world. It may have been only between two and three hundredths of a gramme, but it was there, and in sufficient quantity to yield a characteristic spectrum and write itself down in unmistakable lines as a new element, not to say a new and original element. And, isolated or not, the radium I had the pleasure of handling managed to put itself extraordinarily *en évidence* for a substance that did not exist.

With every light in the room switched off, it shone like a giant glow-worm; placed on a man's breast, in this same pitch-darkness, it rendered visible a paper on his back; applied to a diamond, it made the gem phosphorescent, as it could not do for a mock stone, and thus it would supply a brilliantly easy test for paste diamonds, if only the poor people who buy diamonds could afford the touchstone. Even when I closed my eyes and flicked the radium in front of them—I dared not hold it too closely or too steadily—I was conscious of a vivid flash of light. A great scar on Professor Curie's arm added the last touch of convincingness to the reality of radium, which is by no means an element to endure being doubted. Even the professor, who may be regarded as a sort of radium-tamer, would not trust himself near a kilo (about two pounds) of it, for he probably would be killed and skinned. Was it with radium that Apollo flayed Marsyas—Apollo, the Sun-God, whose orb is now not unnaturally conjectured to be of radium all compact? So enormous is the radio-activity of this eccentric element that nothing can remain in its neighborhood without being contagiously affected by its energy. Radium is the Joe Chamberlain of the elements. That a ton of the refuse of pitchblende, after the extraction of the profitable uranium—refuse which has been systematically poured down drain-pipes—should, after being refined almost to the point of disappearance, suddenly develop an unparalleled incandescence in the microscopic remainder, is a phenomenon only to be explained by the liberation of a radiant substance from the clogging superincumbence of a ton of duller elements. Radium seems to be in the physical world what genius is in the mental: an atom of elemental ardency, choked by the mass of mediocrity around, yet capable of leaving the lump and giving out electric stimula-

tions to all eternity. Alas! what treasures of it may have been lost, unable to pierce through the human pitchblende.

In asserting that the atomic weight of radium is unknown, the skeptic merely asserts his own ignorance, for in the remarkable doctorate thesis, presented by Madame Curie to the Faculty of Sciences at Paris, she demonstrates by a record of her experiments that the atomic weight of radium is 225.

And here, be it noted, Our Lady of Radium makes her first appearance, even in an article devoted to her. Hitherto it has been all Professor Curie. So man-ridden is our world still that if a man and a woman are associated in a work, the woman's glory tends to be swallowed up in the man's. Even when the woman works alone, she finds the safest way to fame is to call herself George, as was the case with George Eliot and George Sand. In the case of radium the distribution of reputation is the more striking, inasmuch as Madame Curie was the first to divine the new substance, and her husband was only, so to speak, an accessory after the fact. As she says in her university thesis: "I studied a very great number of substances by an exact electrometric method, and I discovered that certain minerals possess an activity which can not be explained by the manium or thorium they contain. I concluded, therefore, that they might contain a new radio-active substance far intenser than these metals. My results seemed so interesting an avenue that, putting aside his own work, M. Curie joined me in mine, and we united our efforts with a view to extracting the new radio-active substances and to pursue the study of them." Two discoveries ensued: Polonium, christened after Madame Curie's native Poland, and radium, whose brilliancy has eclipsed that of all other luminous sub-

stances, and bids fair to throw—in every sense—an entirely new light upon the physical constitution of the universe. Yet when this gifted couple paid a visit to England, it was to enable Professor Curie to lecture on these discoveries before the Royal Institution. Not, of course, that the professor does not do justice to the partner of his home and laboratory: it is the listening world that unconsciously misunderstands and mechanically masculinizes everything. The tribute he paid his wife in his lecture, his acknowledgment that hers was the lion's share of the work, was received with a burst of applause, yet not a single English newspaper reported the passage. The facts are a little better understood in France, where M. Osiris, the Jewish Carnegie, has enabled Madame Curie to receive a prize of sixty thousand francs to prosecute her researches into radium. This, like the Nobel prize, previously awarded to the Curies, is a welcome reassurance that even prizes may sometimes be awarded with discernment. The profession of pure science is a thankless one at best, and the Carnegies of the world would be better advised to dower talented scientists than—in the cheapest age for books since the world began—to encourage people to borrow and beg their literature. The art of being a millionaire is little understood, and offers a tempting theme for a later essay.

The paradox of radium, its exhaustless energy, its apparently eternal ability to give off light and heat without loss of weight or absorption of fresh fuel, has, in the language of Lord Kelvin, placed the first question-mark against the principle of the Conservation and Transmutation of Energy, upon which all modern science is built. How like a woman! The first time she comes into man's world she upsets the apple-cart, and he must begin all over

again. I have even read philosophical treatises proving that not only was the Conservation of Energy the law of Nature, but that it was really impossible and unthinkable that Nature should have been otherwise. The principle need not, however, be thrown overboard just yet; we hardly see how one could get on without it, even though it would be not unpleasant to be rid of that apprehension of the extinction of the sun some billions of years hence which weighs on us so at dances and picnics. Misfortunate that science, unlike religion, is not pinned to one view of the universe, but is only the everlasting search for Truth. Inasmuch, however, as scientists—being, after all, as mortal as theologians—tend to fall into the ecclesiastic error of dogmatic absoluteness, it is rather lucky that they have never gained worldly dominion, but are kept poor and honest.

Perhaps scarcely less pregnant for humanity than the paradox of radium is the paradox of its discoveress (you see even language has not yet adapted itself to feminine developments). If, as Ibsen says, "the new generation is knocking at the door," most peremptory of all is the knocking of the new generation of women. Yet, Madame Curie is by no means a "new woman." She has none of the traits of that boggy creature which the "eternal masculine," fearful for its secular dominance, created from the mists of its own jealousy and terror. Skłodowska Curie is not even a blue-stocking, but a graceful creature, with all the romantic charm of the Polish woman; she loves poetry, and her taste in literature is as delicate as her electrometer. Nor has she despised maternity, for she has a little girl, who is to her more "rare and radiant" than radium itself. There is no doubt that the modern woman has come to stay, and the sooner man accommodates himself to the new sex the better.

A DASH THROUGH DIJON

I HAD never stopped at Dijon in my flights southward, but this time I resolved to gratify my passion for French provincial life. For not in the capital does one ever get at the real heart of a people; one gets at its head, as, indeed, the word "capital" etymologically implies. And it seems a law of human nature that the head should rather despise the heart. The Parisian, who is the most intelligent and the stupidest citizen of the planet, who—as poor Max O'Rell once told me—thinks it positively comic that a man should be anything but a Frenchman, probably finds it only less amusing that a Frenchman should be a provincial. The one measure which, according to M. Alfred Capus, the Parisian applies to other countries is their distance from Paris, and no doubt the same standard serves for his own provinces, the scenery of which, as his train *de luxe* glides through it, he vaguely imagines laid on by the railway company to make the journey to his seaside casino agreeable. I am afraid the provincial humbly accepts this estimate, and gages his own importance by the distance from the capital, for, though Dijon is a thriving commercial and industrial center, and itself the capital of a department, the seat of a bishopric, and once of the Parliament of Burgundy, yet on inquiring at my hotel what there was of interest to see in the town, I was told to go only toward the station—nay, would not monsieur like to see the station itself? Evidently the road to Paris seemed the only thing that mattered. Reversing my instructions and going precisely away from the station, I found the fascinating quarter of Dijon: thirteenth century churches, fragments of ancient architecture and one whole Renaissance house, not to mention the towered palace of Jean the fearless, Philippe the good, and

Charles the bold, Dukes of Burgundy. The hotel itself was far more interesting than the station, for it was as primitive as a Pickwickian inn, and you went in by a courtyard, which was not mock, as in the grand hotels of today, but led through a picturesque archway to real stables, and the staircase wound up, cold and carpetless, with iron balustrades and open air galleries. Such hostelries are more human than the beautified barracks of swelledom; the proprietress chats with you, the waiter ventures to laugh, and the resident dog amiably trots in to dine with you.

Moreover, the dining-room window, like the menu, was adorned with a fantastic design of the Galley, which figured in the hotel's name. It was a long Venetian galley, plump cock on prow, lean cat on stern; the rowers wielded oars labeled respectively "Soup, *Hors d'œuvres*, Snails, Roast, Vegetables and Dessert"; the cook steered with his long ladle, blowing a trumpet (apparently his own). In the water beneath the galley, which seemed largely mingled with champagne, to judge by the number of floating bottles, a buxom mermaid waitress paddled about with laden tray, and a dog of a sea-serpent, with a big finny mustache, affrighted a pair of lunching lovers. I know not what the cock was doing in that galley, unless it were crowing over the cat: perhaps it was there as the emblem of France.

So spirited a fantasia, the work of a Dijonese artist, proves that Paris has not monopolized the secret of sensuous gaiety, but that the Rabelaisian humor runs in the veins of all France. The snails promised on the oars duly appeared at *déjeuner*, served with two-pronged forks like giant winkle-pins, and disappeared at a pace that could scarcely be called snail's. Snails seemed, indeed, the leading dainty of Dijon and the standing feature of res-

taurant advertisement. Eaten with gingerbread, they exhaust its culinary specialties. But if the provinces and Paris are at one in joyous living and the hunting of the snail, the old ardor of liberty is equally alive in both. In striking proof of which let me commend to you an "open letter" addressed to a minister in protest against a vexatious law and pasted on a municipal building. The Town Hall itself, once the palace of the Burgundian dukes, exhibits the triumph of bourgeoisie over aristocracy. The grand staircase is overbrooded by a painted "Declaration of the Rights of Man," among which, by the way, the right to be considered innocent till one is proved guilty is usually supposed to be exclusively English. The museum and picture-gallery, to which part of the old palace has been converted, could not be compressed into my dash through Dijon, and I have my doubts about the old masters who so obligingly enrich every city in the world. But I managed to see the churches, stumbling first upon the most exquisite—Notre Dame—as fascinatingly Gothic as its Parisian prototype. What a pity that the statuesque stonework of its magnificent portal has been destroyed; that was a piece of Gothic work not to be commended.

St. Michel, though more spacious, has far less charm than Notre Dame, and it was good-natured of a general's daughter to rush to marry a commandant at the precise moment of my entry. It was a rainy morning and cold, but the guests all drove up in their wedding finery without wraps or muffings: the poor males, habited in evening dress with frilled shirt-fronts, or more flamboyant with epaulettes and swords, alighted on the sodden street carpet, and, giving their arms to their dames, convoyed them up the aisle—two by two, past the gorgeous, gigantic beadle in sword and cocked hat. A few yards

up the couples separated, the men falling to the right, the women to the left, with the precision of a military manoeuvre. At last a bridal apparition—all lace and fluffery—was extracted from a carriage. The glittering beadle rapped twice with his mace, the organ burst forth jubilantly, and the bride, leaning on the general's arm, marched up through the human avenue, which broke up behind her into the original couples, who now formed part of the bride's train. And so to the altar.

Curiously enough, M. Alfred Capus, whom I have cited upon the psychology of the Parisian, likewise describes a wedding in Dijon, the hero of which, being a Parisian, was married in a frock coat and light trousers, "haughtily braving the fashion of evening dress, which he considered provincial."

GEORGE GISSING

HOW the obituary notices have praised George Gissing I have not even a remote idea, here on the Bridge of Avignon; as little do I know how posterity will place him. Time was when I considered him Shakespearean in his psychologic range, and though the years have robbed me of that generous judgment, I still feel his debtor for hours and hours of the keenest intellectual pleasure. Whether I was ever able to repay him some quota of the debt I scarcely know; he was at pains to write me his admiration of—my brother. The novels originally published under the pseudonym of "Z Z" had no warmer appreciator, probably because they had affinities with his own realistic school. But whether he approved of other schools of fiction or not, no man was ever less jealous of successes won in them. "He does many kinds of work, all efficiently," he said to me of a prosperous contemporary. Yes, even prosperity could not excite his

envy, and the vulgarest popularity he regarded philosophically as the due reward of certain robustious qualities capable of nourishing and stimulating the crowd. No writer could have been more foreign to his temperament than Dickens, yet he set himself to a most sympathetic study of Boz for a literary handbook, and even showed traces of the master's influence in "The Town Traveler." It was, perhaps, too late in the day for his view of life to be modified by the Pickwickian spectacles; earlier Dickens' reading of London and the lower classes might have served to correct his own text. One of the few British novelists who are also critics of life, he regarded Jingoism with the contempt of a man whose study of "the nether world" had exposed the ironic failure of civilization at the very core of the empire. Yet in "The Whirlpool" Gissing went out of his way to pay a tribute to Kipling's imperial muse. His own best work was done for a mere pittance, and when at last his eminence began to penetrate even to editors and he was able to eke out his resources by "serial rights," he never passed the poet's ideal of "six hundred a year." "Last year was my *annus mirabilis*—I made six hundred pounds," he said only a few years ago. He was then, to all appearance, in the flower of his age, a tall, handsome, strapping Anglo-Saxon, scarcely suggesting the literary recluse that he was by nature, and the pessimist and misogynist that bitter experience had made him. His work was largely done under a cloud, and its austerity and loftiness of aim are the more to be admired in that the writer was sustained only by his own ideal of art and truth. It is pleasant to think that ere the end came he was able to gratify his passion for travel in those classical lands with whose literature he was so familiar, and to record his impressions in a couple of vol-

umes. For if he was a recluse, it was of the sect of Wordsworth's "Solitary" or Matthew Arnold's "Scholar Gypsy." And yet it is not when he tried to render the autobiography of a recluse that he achieved his greatest hit, though for some odd reason "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" won not only the praises of the critics, but the suffrages of the reading public. It can only be because our literature is so lacking in these books of reflection that such a commonplace book—in more than one sense—could have been hailed as Gissing's masterpiece. You have only to compare it with, for example, "Amiel's Journal" to gauge its poverty of magic and idea. But then, "Henry Ryecroft" wrote at the weary close of a career; all that Gissing really had to say about life had been said long before, through the mouths of his personages, or—more artistically—through their fortunes. The Swiss professor's two volumes represent the entire honey hived in a lifetime. But perhaps what appears to me so obvious may strike the dwellers in cities as the height of originality, and that Gissing should have proposed to add a prayer on their behalf to the litany may have appeared to them startlingly paradoxical. The suggestion is, indeed, the keynote of the book and its most memorable sentence; but is it anything but the cry of a thousand souls in revolt, from Jean Jacques Rousseau to the author of "Civilization: Its Cause and Cure"; from Thor-eau to the promoters of "Garden City"?

While Gissing's own temperament yearned for the woods and waters, and the quiet companionship of the classics, with their equally large perspection of heroic outlines, Fate set him for his life-task the study of the swarming miseries of our human ant-heaps and the pettinesses of our mortal nature. "The Nether World," "New Grub

Street," "Demos," "The Odd Women," "The Whirlpool"—these are all monumental titles, mighty themes. None of his contemporaries in England—only Zola and Tolstoi anywhere else—even attempted to wrestle with such big canvases, and if Gissing did not always rise to the height of his great argument, the conception was at least Herculean. "The Nether World" is even an arraignment of the universe by mouth of the half-witted religious fanatic, who parade the streets of the City of Dreadful Night with his parrot cry of "All His works shall praise Him for ever"; this figure passes as relevantly as Pippa, always at the luridest moment of the history, like an ironic Greek chorus. "New Grub Street" is almost as intolerably painful reading; no shadow of the picture of the Bloomsbury Bohemia is spared us, though for once there are touches of humor in the figures of the scholars whose mutual contempt subsides when they find themselves mentioned in each other's footnotes. "Demos" contains the first study in English fiction of the socialist movement that had begun to spread its roots—it is a serious contribution to our knowledge of the laboring classes and a powerful dramatic study. In "The Odd Women" the problem of the superfluous woman is treated, one of the most vital problems of to-day, though solving itself by a transformation of our conception of woman's sphere and education. "The Whirlpool" is devoted to a subtler aspect of the great sex-problem, the woman being treated as largely responsible for the great rush into towns. It is she who needs the warmth of the human aggregation, the spectacle of shops and theaters. This book is perhaps the best in Gissing's later manner, crowded with subtle characterization and clever talk. It is a far cry back to his first book, "The Unclassed,"

which somehow missed being boycotted at Mudie's, though its heroine was a woman of the streets. Curiously enough, despite the challenge of its heroine and its title, this is the least realistic of Gissing's novels, the theme being treated as sentimentally as in "Frou Frou." It is quite a light and charming work. "Thyrza," too, is another agreeable piece of fiction, with no particular elemental problem that I can remember, nor does any of his other novels stand out in my memory like the five great books I have bracketed together. Of these, realism and pessimism are the dominant note, and perhaps if there had been more realism there would have been less pessimism. Gissing surveyed the world more or less as a superior person; he had no sympathy with high jinks, and he described a bank-holiday at the Crystal Palace with ethical horror, which might be better reserved for a gladiatorial combat in the Roman Coliseum. This narrowness of vision, this pain of the overrefined observer, detached from what he described, led him to exclude from his pictures of life the humors which lighten the reality, and the genial acceptance which makes the lot of the poor and even the criminal classes less horrible to live than to behold. But Art, after all, is never Life, and Gissing has a right to his point of view. Let us remember, however, it is the peephole that makes the picture. Another artist, with Gissing's own characters, could have produced you a much more bearable panorama, and Mrs. Gaskell also dealt with "The Odd Women," and the result was "Cranford." It is a pity Gissing did not try his hand at heroic types; in his scorn of the grandiose and the pseudo-romantic he perhaps overlooked that, after all, there *are* heroes and heroines.

But he was broadening all the time, and his premature death probably robbed us of his masterpiece.

Writers and Readers

Illustrated Notes of Authors, Books and the Drama

IN his new book, "Social Happenings at Bird Center," Mr. John T. McCutcheon has set himself comfortably in the front row of American humorists. As a cartoonist he has for years been where, it is said, "there is always room." But in Bird Center the text at least halves the honors with the drawings. No humor can be typically American that is not good humor. The sting of satire is not indigenous to the land of the somewhat free and the home of the more or less brave. Here is where McCutcheon proves beyond doubt the nationality of his humor. His political cartoons never lampoon. He attacks the evil not the individual. It has been said of him that in all his picturing of politicians he never made an enemy or lost his paper a friend. And yet his work has strength and influence. This same kindly, good-humored humor bubbles up in and oozes out of all he writes. In the "Chronicle of the Social Happenings at Bird Center," there can be no reason why any citizen of that socially industrious village should not find a laugh on every page, unless, like "Cyrus Hornbeck," he has "great wealth and no friends"; which is to say, no sense of humor. After an evening at Bird Center, spent in the enlivening society of Mr. Riley Peters and the many young ladies to whom he is reported engaged, the guest feels that he has laughed with, not at a kindly circle of generous and genuine friends whose social pretensions are not

unique, but are found in varied forms wherever society gathers itself together.

McCutcheon has the rare gift of seeing "ourselves as others see us," and then compelling us to laugh at the sight.

IT is due Mr. Frederic S. Isham, the author of "A Backslider," printed elsewhere in this number, to say that he wrote the story and sent it to his publishers more than two years ago. It is printed now, not only for its own psychological interest, but because it is another case of literary coincidence, for Mr. Jack London must have heard his Call of the Wild at the time Mr. Isham was sending "Jack" once more to run with the pack.

THE death of Sir Edwin Arnold removes from England a man of singularly engaging friendliness and gentle courtesy. Extraordinary learning and patience under affliction have made him a distinctive personage. Sir Edwin was known first as a teacher and scholar, but deserting academic life for poetry, won for himself an instant, if transitory, popularity, as the author of "The Light of Asia." The story of Siddartha, founder of Buddhism, had not till then been familiarized to English ears, and Sir Edwin told it in flowing verse. His lines were jeweled with oriental imagery, rich with ancient thought, which glowed with a

perdurable beauty, and appealed to both Christian and Buddhist; explaining to the first a law, which, like that of the Christian, held love for its essential, and gratifying the Buddhist as being a true exposition of his belief.

Not sufficiently creative was this work to win for the graceful poet a place among the great. He may not consort on equal terms with the immortal singers of his land. But he has enjoyed tremendous popularity, a fine ideality always distinguished his work, and he succeeded in doing the thing he wished—namely, bringing into closer sympathy and understanding the people of the Orient and those of the Occident. "The Light of Asia" performed a service. It helped the self-righteous nations of the West to understand that sublimity lay in the thought and aspirations of the "heathen" East.

Sir Edwin must, of course, always find honorable mention in any review of the poets of his day. "After Death in Arabia," in certain respects his best poem, must inevitably appear in the anthologies which contain the representative poetry of his day. And such verses as those which enchant the imagination in "To a Pair of Egyptian Slippers" are to be remembered with the more insouciant verses of Austin Dobson and Andrew Lang.

The latter years of his life saw Sir Edwin in association with the *London Telegraph*, blind, but of great use to that journal. He had seen with his own eyes nearly every country of the world. He knew letters, both ancient and modern, and had followed to their sources the philosophies of earth, and visited the cities in which they were born. When darkness came, it could not rob him of storehouses rich with treasure, nor of fecund meadows blooming in the sun.

His personality was richer than the product of his pen. He lived a full

life, giving but one phase of himself in the interesting adaptations of Oriental thought and story which he presented in limpid English.

VIRGINIA, from being the mother of presidents, is like enough to become known as the mother of women novelists. Without referring to *Who's Who*, the names of Julia Magruder, Ellen Glasgow and Mary Johnston promptly present themselves. Miss Johnston, by an accident of birth, is four years the senior of Miss Glasgow. Both these young women have had novels published this spring, Miss Johnston's "Sir Mortimer" appearing a month or two after Miss Glasgow's "The Great Deliverance." Ill health forced Miss Johnston to seek the softer climate of Bermuda, where she slowly wrote the final chapters of her new story. Now that her work is done she has obeyed the repeated orders of her physician and has sailed for Sicily, to remain indefinitely.

IT was interesting to note, in the list of literary men and women who have died since January 1, 1904, which THE READER MAGAZINE published last month, the extraordinary average of longevity. Mrs. Latimer had reached the age of eighty-one, Citizen Train had passed seventy-five years of vivid life; Von Holst, the scholar, had gone too soon at sixty-five; Hallowell, the Quaker, was sixty-five; Deschanel, the litterateur, was eighty-five; Mrs. Ketchum, who, in her youth, wrote the gallant and taunting lines of "The Bonnie Blue Flag," was in her eightieth year; the Rev. Dr. Cooper, the philosopher, was seventy-three; Professor Powell, the historian, had spent seventy-seven studious years; Erastus Wiman was seventy, and Sir Leslie Stephen left the life in which he had found so much of interest, taste and fine pleasure, after seventy-one



JOHN T. McCUTCHEON
AUTHOR AND ILLUSTRATOR OF "SOCIAL HAPPENINGS AT BIRD CENTER"

years of discriminating enjoyment. A number of other writers departed this world of more or less futile activities, at sixty and sixty-five. Only one of the list, Professor Beecher of Yale, had cried quits before reaching the half-century mark.

This bears witness to the fact that the career of the literary worker is not a hazardous one, at least, so far as our sane, grave, temperate American writers are concerned. It seems to be different with those who have a flame within them. The last few years have seen some gallant adventurers in the world of thought go down—though with colors flying, be it said. De Maupassant and Emma Lazarus, Stephen Crane and Henley, Stevens and Norris, Hovey, Fairless and Carryl—above all, Stevenson. Why could they not have been more tenacious of the serviceable body through which they made themselves coherent? If they are speaking now it is not in our tongue. We are too dull to hear.

"BY careful calculation," said Mr. James L. Ford to Mr. Elery Sedgwick, editor of *Leslie's Monthly*, "I have reached the conclusion that there are sixty thousand men, women and children who are writing plays!"

"No!" cried Mr. Sedgwick, incredulous and dismayed. "Where?"

"In the United States," affirmed Mr. Ford sadly. "If you don't believe it, call in anybody—your office-boy—your stenographer—the postman—the policeman—and learn for yourself."

"Fudge!" said Mr. Sedgwick, and rang his bell. Billy, his amiable office-boy responded.

"Billy," said Mr. Sedgwick, looking at him with pride, "you never wrote a play, did you?"

Billy blushed. He didn't like to fall in Mr. Sedgwick's good opinion.

"It wasn't a very long one, sir," he said in extenuation.

Mr. Ford, not to appear too ungenerous in his exhilaration, pretended to look out of the window. As for Mr. Sedgwick, he saw that he had made a bad beginning, but he was not, on that account, inclined to sacrifice utterly his faith in humanity. He requested Billy to ask Miss Anderson, the stenographer, to appear. Miss Anderson came, tall, modest and alert. Mr. Sedgwick hesitated to put her to the test. She certainly had the appearance of a person of much self-control.

"Miss Anderson," he said politely, "I beg your pardon, but have you ever written a play?"

Miss Anderson flamed into sudden enthusiasm.

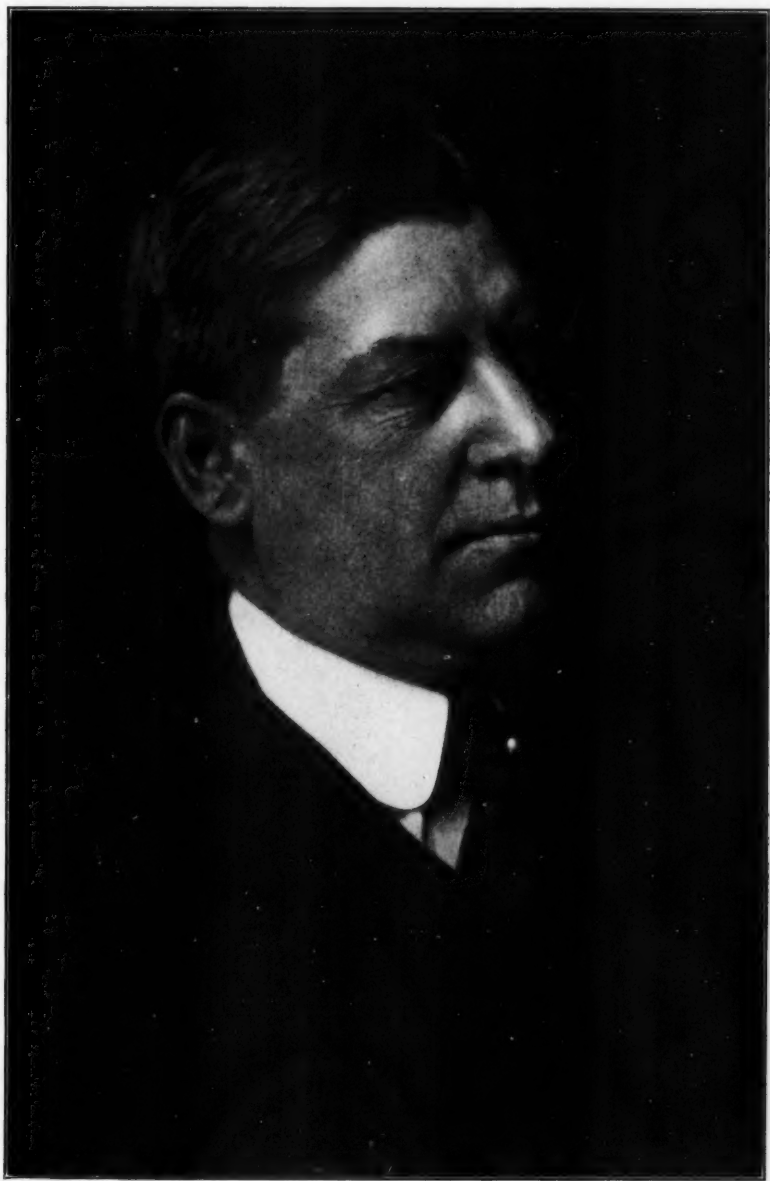
"Oh, yes, Mr. Sedgwick," she said, "but I hadn't had the courage to show them to you. I have written three, and the scenarios are out here in the desk if you'd like to look them over."

"Thank you," said Mr. Sedgwick gravely, "I shall be happy to do so—next week, Miss Anderson. That is all."

Miss Anderson withdrew. Mr. Ford still looked considerably from the window. But he was not oblivious to what was going on. "And now," he said, "summon the young women from your circulation department."

But Mr. Sedgwick refused. He wasn't so much afraid of Mr. Ford's exultation as he was of the scenarios.

IF there is any one thing on which the present generation congratulates itself, it is upon "its return to nature." It talks about it in crowded drawing-rooms; during the brief months of its sojourn in country cottages and hotels, and, when not otherwise occupied, writes books on the subject. With powerful glasses, it goes "birding", with microscopes it searches for lichen, moss, grubs, minute, nay, infinitesimal creatures, and not long ago the writer was at a large dinner party in town, at which each member



From a photograph made for THE READER MAGAZINE

RANDALL PARRISH
AUTHOR OF "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING"

declared that all he or she really desired in this life was to retire to some remote spot and raise chickens.

What is particularly amusing is the assumption that there is any "return" indicated by this outspoken but largely ignorant enthusiasm for barn-yards, uncared-for roads, and the monotony of the waste.

Not the least remarkable demonstration of this enthusiasm is the outbreak of "nature" books. Now with skill and now with ingenuous ignorance, writers descant upon trees, birds, gardens, roadways, farms, vistas, desert islands and deserted farms. These books are nearly all entertaining, well illustrated and full of verve, and lose nothing whatever from the fact that almost without exception they are prepared in a city apartment. The magazines, too, have been lavish with nature articles, and have acquainted us with many charming secrets of burrow, nest and lair, so that our sensibilities have grown to be almost morbid in regard to the wild brothers of field and fen, and "Be kind to the panther" has become an oft-quoted poem.

A lady in Chicago, who has profited not a little by the very informing articles in the magazines, proposes writing one on her own account, and thinks of giving it the title: "How to Tell the Wild Flowers from the Birds."

A good deal of sympathy is being manifested for the lad who burned a public school building that he might get rid of his singing book, from which he was required to sing—for exhibitional purposes:

"See the busy farmer, working in the field;

That the earth may for me, of her bounty yield.

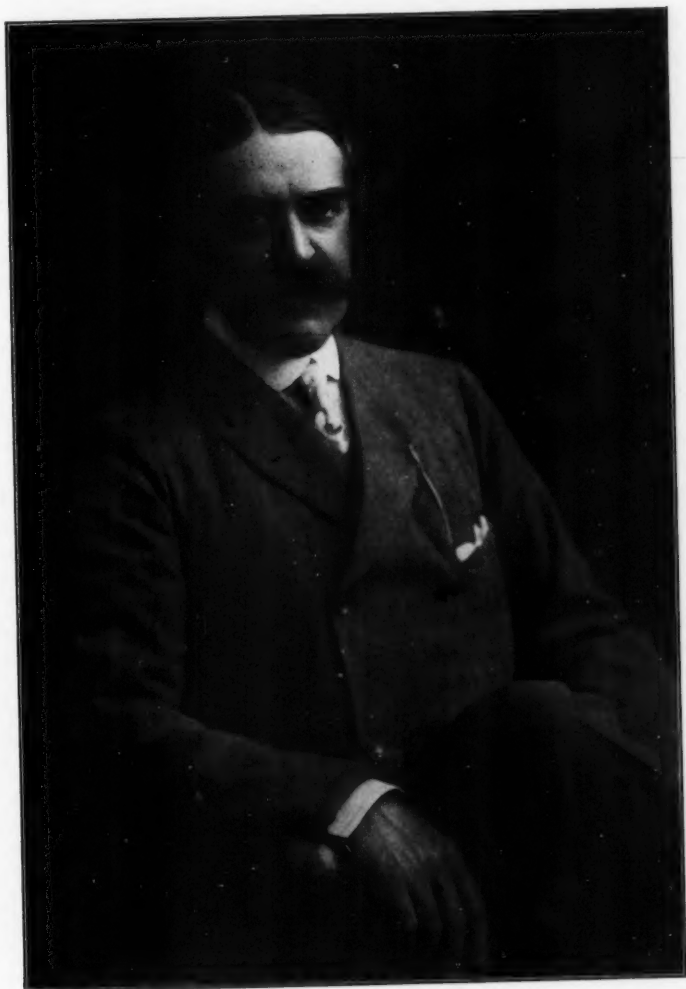
See the patient horses, turning row on row,

Plowing up the furrows, back and forth they go."

This is reactionary—this conduct on the part of the youth—and may be thought by the judicious to have been carried to an extreme point, but he has, without doubt, emphasized a revolt which has begun to surge in the breasts of even the most patient of us.

THE dominant characteristic of Francis M. Ware, author of three of the best books that have ever been written about horses, is his hard horse sense—and horse sense from time immemorial has been held to include various other kinds. Mr. Ware was born with horses and brought up with them. He has raised them and raced them; driven them in their various combinations, and ridden them in their various saddles and for their various purposes. He was born with a love of horses, and to-day is fonder of them than ever; but it is the fondness of the horseman and not of the sentimentalist. The "Black Beauty" books and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals he holds to be equally ignorant of the horse and his needs. The lady novelist brought up on Dobbin, and holding that the curb bit and the spur are never necessary, if one but treat the horse like a gentleman, awakes no answering throb in Mr. Ware's breast. The city-bred, with his ideas on the trustworthiness of the horse, would not find in Mr. Ware a sympathetic listener. Indeed, he wrote a book to tell the public that the horse is one of the stupidest and least trustworthy of animals, that he only supplies the legs, while his master has to supply the brains. Yet so deeply is the contrary notion ingrained in the public mind that his publishers promptly christened the book, "Our Noblest Friend, the Horse," to Mr. Ware's great disgust.

In his latest book, a sumptuous illustrated volume called "Driving," Mr. Ware covers the entire field, from



FRANCIS M. WARE
EXPERT HORSEMAN AND AUTHOR OF "DRIVING"

stage-coaching in early times to showing horses. It is a book for every one that loves a horse.

Mr. Ware was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and naturally went to Harvard. While in college he was on the staff of *Crimson*, *The Advocate* and the *Lampoon*.

ABROAD, should one ask a foreigner to name the most representative man of letters in the history of American literature, the answer would probably be Edgar Allan Poe. Perhaps the mere fact that gruesomeness of imagination carries sometimes farther than sweetness of spirit, would account for this. Poe stamped his tales with a psychological weirdness, and individualized his poetry by uniqueness of form. The reader who has a copy of his "Tales of Mystery and Imagination," just issued by Mr. Howard Wilford Bell, will realize that the many pen drawings throughout the book faithfully portray this weirdness of which we speak, besides showing that Alice B. Woodward, the artist, has a temperament well suited to illustrate "uncanny Poe." We are told that she has long waited an opportunity to do this book, and truly every line of her pen counts and she secures her "delicate suggestion by a minimum of work." This was first noticeable in a drawing Miss Woodward called "The Red Fisherman," which gained for her the serious attention of the public in England.

IT is said that Mr. William Vaughn Moody, the poet, is going to New York to live. One very much wonders why. Why should any poet seek a great city? It is not in them that works of literary art are produced. The original, sincere utterance is born of solitude and nourished in the silent places. The quick flattery of the city, the attrition of the human pebbles,

wearing each to a small globular shape, similar in all save size, the expository features of literary work in such centers, combine to destroy the individuality and the delicacy of the writer. That which marked him distinctive is rubbed off. That which was singular and extraordinary, arresting and inspiring disappears. He walks in the throng, elbowed by the impertinent, the complaisant, the patronizing and the servile. He is unduly praised and injudiciously advertised. Writing, which was once the spontaneous expression of something within himself, becomes deliberate, has a consciousness of its value, and partakes of the sophistication of the town. It is true that masses of clever, opportune, carefully-prepared and vastly entertaining work comes from the city writers. But where, among it all, is the thing that shall live? Somewhere, in the lonely and unrecognized places, the writers who are to lift America from its plane of mediocrity up to the white places on the mountains are being prepared.

CAN music have a definite, articulate and coherent meaning? It is an old question, and the discussions concerning it have grown warm and yet warmer as the revolutionary music of Richard Strauss has become familiarized to the public. Now that Strauss himself has been here, interpreting his own compositions, and that they have been presented in all their curious power and passion, the contestants have arrayed themselves frankly on this side and the other. It may be said in passing that at Chicago Strauss found an extraordinarily pliable and responsive instrument to his hand in the Chicago orchestra. He was good enough to pronounce it an incomparable orchestra, and it may as well be confessed that he saw it at its best. Theodore Thomas had drilled it into perfect acquiescence, given it its



From a drawing made for THE READER MAGAZINE

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

WHOSE NOVEL "THE COST," JUST COMPLETED IN THE SATURDAY EVENING
POST, IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN THE MOST SUCCESSFUL SERIAL
THAT HAS EVER APPEARED IN THAT PERIODICAL

marvelous education, guided it year in and year out in his own restrained, scholarly, patient manner. Strauss came and poured his personality into it, and suddenly the orchestra ceased to be a company of careful musicians and became a vast instrument of flame and magic. Never, under the baton of Theodore Thomas, have they reached the heights they did when the pliant body of Strauss, rhythm-thralled, the plain, mobile, curious face, the compelling brain of the man of unique musical dreams and utterances, commanded them. It was the apotheosis of the Chicago Orchestra. One who has watched with constant pride and satisfaction the development of that fine musical organization, felt—with no disloyalty to Mr. Thomas—that in "Death and Transfiguration" the Chicago Orchestra reached its highest capabilities. And that is saying a tremendous deal.

It is little wonder then that the verity or falsity of the idea of the tone-poem should be renewed with vigor and variations. "If a certain musical phrase may mean one of ten different things," say the opponents of the tone-poem, "how can its application to a certain tale be considered definite? The thing lacks actuality. It is a pretense—interesting as an experiment, but artificial. The end of music is music. It is a higher mathematics, a sublime and innermost chamber of the abstract science. It is absurd to chain it down to the concrete. It is a passing thing. It will die, and the fame of Richard Strauss with it."

The advocate of "Thus Spake Zarathustra," as presented in Strauss' rhapsody upon the work of that other rhapsodist, Nietzsche, may reply that music, like other arts, is entitled to its symbolism. The broad symbolism of "Death and Transfiguration" must reach even the insistent literalist. The intellectual and emotional indulgence

enjoyed when listening to "Thus Spake Zarathustra" may be a richer experience for the philosopher and the artist than it is for the man ignorant of letters and symphonies, but even he can not but be swayed to an approximate comprehension of the meaning of the master. His thoughts will come as near to those of his highly constructed neighbor as they would at any time or under any set of circumstances. They will be deep and solemn at moments, contented and reassured at others, uplifted to the mystic gates of Paradise at last.

If symbols may become universal—and who would gainsay this—it seems as if the language of symbolic music may be so. To the composer and to each individual listener there may be variations of the subject ideas; but so there are always, in the creators and appreciators of any work of art; and, curiously enough, the larger and more universally applicable the work of art, the more it has of vagueness. It is an adaptable garment and lends itself to the shoulders of the mighty and the bent bones of the lean. It covers kings and miserable men. It may be worn by the beggar with fitness, and awkwardly by the millionaire. It may become the ignorant man, because of some native spiritual claim, and seem grotesque upon the savant, the critic or the connoisseur.

It seems to be enough that Strauss, the exponent of illustrative music, is the man of the day, meeting a need, gratifying a taste. If his influence be transient, it is nevertheless powerful.

"**H**E That Eateth Bread With Me," by Mrs. H. A. Mitchell Keays, is a novel, but it is also an indictment—an indictment of divorce. It is not a very difficult matter to write a novel. Quite a number of persons do it, not so badly. The facile and confidential expression of our time

and conditions makes the novel peculiarly a product of this country and this age. But it is not often that a writer finds anything really worth saying. Indeed, too frequently the novel-writer cares about nothing so much as a reputation for cleverness and the palpable rewards that such a reputation will bring.

But Mrs. Keays has something in particular to say. She is deeply interested in one of the great dangers of the time, that of easy divorce. She is willing to wage war against it. And she is able to do this through the medium of excellent fiction. She has presented a logical book, well put together, having the recognized requisites for a true novel, encompassing a curious and fascinating story and ending with a fine and noble climax.

In a didactic novel there is likely to be more polemics than art. But the story's the thing in this book. It is merely a fortuitous fact that the nature of the story makes the book of major importance, morally.

Mackemer, the devil-driven hero of the book, marries a modest, sweet and intelligent woman. They have a son and lead a happy, not particularly significant nor in any way unusual life, in a quiet suburb. But there is in the man a restlessness of imagination. He is a hedonist. He has a terrible appetite for pleasures. He wishes to emphasize his drab world with a splash of scarlet. And he does it—and ruins his picture, it would appear. Where before was harmony and order appears a bizarre world in which relationships are confused, responsibilities shifted, ruinous selfishness prevails and horrible human dissonances have their way. In plain words, Mackemer, after a hastily secured divorce, marries a handsome, egotistical, sensual woman who has also secured a divorce from her husband.

But Katherine, the first wife, making one of those amazing sacrifices for which women have a peculiar aptitude, sets herself to save the soul of Mackemer. She calls to him with all the good in her. Her life becomes "a still, white altar flame." She offers herself in propitiation of his sins. Such high calls of the spirit are sometimes heard in real life. Mrs. Keays causes this curious—and, in spite of his transgressions, not contemptible—hero, to hear this summons. He returns to his higher self—and, the woman who represents his downfall having, somewhat too conveniently, it may be, passed to her rewards and punishments, is in a position to win his way back into the home which he once desecrated.

Mrs. Keays is a British Canadian, the widow of a clergyman. She received a musical education in Germany, has lived in many places and drawn about her many interesting and distinguished friends. Her present home is in Ann Arbor, Michigan.



Carolyn Wells



Drawn for THE READER MAGAZINE

JOHN T. McCUTCHEON
AS HE SEES HIMSELF

A Talk with a Hero

BY EDNA McCAUGHTRY

IT was the first time I had ever been called upon to interview the hero of a popular novel. It seemed hardly fair to begin on "Cap'n Eri," whose peaceful life among the Cape Cod fisheries Joseph Lincoln had so recently revealed to the public. The simple old ex-captain of the coasting packet, "Hannah M.," was not one to care for publicity. But interviewed he must be.

In accordance with orders I journeyed down to the little coast town of Orham, where Captain Eri Hedge lived with his two old shipmates, Captain Perez and Captain Jerry.

The "self-appointed committee," whose duty it was to see the train come in, was at the depot, as usual. Of one of the members I inquired where I could find Captain Eri.

"Cap'n Eri?" he repeated, transferring a huge quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other and back again, eyeing me meanwhile.

"Yes," I said. "Captain Eri Hedge. The man who saved the captain of the life-saving crew. I understood he lived near here."

"There he is now," spoke up another member, taking a savory pipe out of his mouth and holding it, bowl in palm, while he pointed with its stem in the direction of the freight-house, where a weather-beaten old man was untying a horse.

I crossed over and addressed him.

"Are you Captain Eri?"

"Yes'm," he answered, turning a kind, rugged face over his shoulder, his hands still busy with the hitch-strap.

"I wanted to speak with you."

He faced toward me, slowly.

"You ain't got nothin' to do with the papers, have you?"

I nodded guiltily.

With agility surprising in one of his age he scrambled into the wagon and gathered up the lines.

"I don't talk to order," he snapped. "Git dap, Dan'l."

The old horse rocked forward. The captain, very erect, the tail of his faded pea-jacket projecting stiffly over the edge of the seat, steered the horse around in a circle and out toward the road. Suddenly he stopped and turning, called back:

"It ain't my call to be uncivil to women. Goin' my way?"

I nodded, and the captain motioned to a seat beside him, which I accepted with alacrity.

"I've been so pestered with 'paper men lately, I seem to be losin' pretty nigh all the nat'ral politeness I ever had," said Captain Eri, as he stimulated "Dan'l" to action. "All this fuss over nothin' makes me sick. There ain't a man 'longshore that would have stood by and seen those fellers of the life-savin' crew hangin' on to that upset boat without tryin' to save 'em, foul weather or calm. I don't cal'late to be makin' a hero of myself in all the papers. Between wars and the 'papers the market's pretty nigh overstocked with heroes now."

"Oh, the papers are good at invention," I laughed.

"Yes," rejoined the captain. "I often wondered how God A'mighty

ever created the airth without the help of a newspaper."

"Then you never heard that it was created for the papers?" I asked.

The captain cast me a sly look and, flattening the lines between his knees, gently picked out the bowl of his pipe with a horny finger. Then, as though suddenly remembering something, he thrust the pipe back into the capacious pocket from which it had come and resumed the lines.

"It seems almost," he said, at last, "as if the whole thing, newspapers and all, was created for women. The Lord didn't rest till He'd give the Garden of Eden one, and now He's givin' 'em to the 'papers."

"Sure sign of His approval," I laughed.

"It's the way you sight it," answered the captain. "When the compass is pointin' straight at a woman, I say keep to your course. But when it kind of wabbles, I say turn her due somethin'. Whatever you be, be sartin'."

"And were you certain that Mrs. Snow was the right one?" I asked. "It seems Mr. Lincoln had some difficulty in steering you two into the same channel. I understand you are to marry her to-morrow."

Captain Eri raised his head and looked out over the frothy water beside which the road ran. The gulls were dipping low, flashing in the slant rays of the late afternoon sun. Clear against the horizon line a flock of little sail-boats staggered homeward.

"Twan't all Lincoln, 'twas human natur'. No truth tellin' author can go agin that. When he took us three captains off the sea and settled us down to keep house together, he knew jest what housekeepin' was without a woman. Jest 'bout like sailin' without any breeze. And he knew we'd find a way out of it. I think it sort of surprised him, our advertisin' for a wife. If he'd

had his way, maybe he'd have settled as to which was to be the sacrifice in a more el'gant way than flippin' pennies. But I say one way's good as 'nother if it gits the same place and don't upset anybody else's lobster pots in the git-tin'."

"Do you suppose Mr. Lincoln really intended to give you such a scare at the depot by having that negress carry off, by mistake, the bag with Mrs. Snow's name on it?"

"I don't know," pondered the captain. "It heaved us on our beam ends when we thought we had been negot'-atin' with a nigger to marry Jerry. A man can overlook a heap of black inside if he loves a woman, but when it comes to the skin he's pretty sartin to drag anchor."

"But after you had found out your mistake, did you not feel rather angry at Jerry when he refused to see Mrs. Snow? It must have been pretty hard for you to go and escort her to the hotel and make excuses."

"Twan't very pleasant, but Jerry wan't to blame. Jerry, he had to be Jerry, jest as I had to be Eri. That's the way with you Outsiders, you don't understand. You've got to be yourself and I've got to be myself, in book or out. It's like 'twas in the Garden of Eden. Man and woman was made and give human natur', and when they went and acted human it s'prised all on board. If Mr. Lincoln hadn't insisted Jerry was married before, he wouldn't have needed to be so set on not doin' it again. But it was in line of the nat'ral course of things. And I cal'late 'twas jest as necessary to have John Baxter took with a stroke that very night, so as Mrs. Snow could come and nurse him, so we all could git to know each other, and see it was me that should be marryin' her 'stead of Jerry."

"Then you think it was predestined that you should marry Mrs. Snow?" I asked.

The captain slapped up little clouds of dust from among the rough hair on "Dan'l's" rump with the lines. There was a queer smile around the old man's mouth, and I suspected a catch in his voice as he answered.

"I b'lieve we was made for each other. Let folks alone and they'll strike their own harbor. Matrimony is like fishin'; it don't do no good to joggle the line. 'Wait' is my motto. I got my haul pretty late. But some of the best fishin' is done at sunset. And I cal'late it's better to be waitin' to live at seventy than to be waitin' to die."

"But you believe in exceptions, don't you?" I bantered. "You seemed to think it all right for that Mr. Hazeltine, of the cable station, to marry Mr. Baxter's grand-daughter, Elsie, and they were both quite young."

"I kind of think," twinkled back the captain, "that, spite their youth, they acted older than Perez and Patience Davis when it come to courtin'. And Perez and me are pretty nigh of an age. 'Tain't actu'l years that counts, it's arrivin' at the age of sartinty."

"Then, on the whole, you would pronounce matrimony the only thing, would you?"

"Well," said the captain. "That depends on who you ship 'long of. Some folks makes too much ballast and you ship water till you can't ship any more, then you go down. And some is so light they don't weight their end of the craft right, and you can't hold your course at the tiller. Or if a sail's too ketchy of the wind you gin'rally flop. It's the bottom, whichever way you put it. But there's one kind—There she is now—"

We had rounded a little knoll and the captain's house stood before us. In

the doorway a bland, motherly figure, resplendent in black alpaca and a snowy apron of generous proportions, smiled a welcome. The last rosiness of the sun laid a ruddy color on the stern but tender face.

There was that in the eyes of the old couple as their gaze met which forbade my accepting the captain's invitation in to supper. I thought of the morrow, their marriage day, and could not intrude at the very threshold of their happiness.

"Are you goin' further?" asked the captain, making ready to alight.

"I am going back to the depot," I said.

For a moment he looked at me. Then he turned "Dan'l" in the direction which we had just come.

"And you ain't goin' to write consarnin' that life-savin' business?"

I shook my head.

"Well, I snum," he ejaculated. Then, turning, he waved to the woman in the doorway.

"I'll be back 'fore long, Marthy," he called.

And we paddled off toward the depot. All expostulation was in vain. Drive me back he would.

"Guess I got you down here. Guess I can take you back."

And he did.

At the station he held out a burly hand.

"I hope you don't mind my sayin' I like you first rate. You're too understandin' to be cruisin' 'round alone. There's a sayin' that one can fish better alone, but I tell you it's better to have a little catch and somebody to help eat it than all the fishes swimmin' and no shipmate. Good day.

"Git dap, Dan'l." And he was gone.

The Unruly Mrs. Atherton

BY JAMES MACARTHUR

WAS there ever an author more difficult to reckon with than Gertrude Atherton? Most authors fall into a groove, so that each successive work is easily classified and pigeonholed. When a new novel, by Mary E. Wilkins or W. D. Howells, for instance, makes its appearance, you know what to expect; the element of surprise is gone, and there is no longer the sense of freshness and wonder that came with their first acquaintance. Not so with Mrs. Atherton. She is always breaking out in new directions; she is the most sporadic and recalcitrant of novelists. In only one way does she never disappoint her readers, in the splendid daring and audacity of her criticisms of life; and that in itself is provocative of fresh sensations—you can never tell what her pungent pen will impale next. Nomadic in temperament, and of a restless, roaming imagination that irks restraint, there is a quality of elemental strength in her work which is its main characteristic. She is possessed of an insight swift and keen, which in its intolerance of shams and humbugs, sometimes carries harsh judgments with it and makes her impatient of the conventions of life. She seizes on the primal motives and primitive instincts of human nature. In spite of what education and culture have done for civilized man, she knows full well that you have only to scratch the surface to come on the crouching savage. There is something almost untamed in her attitude of passionate hate or love toward the things that move her. Especially is this noticeable with the characters she admires. How

she broods over their creation! Was there ever a character so tenderly and fiercely mothered as Alexander Hamilton in "The Conqueror"?

Some one has said that Mrs. Atherton is the most striking exponent of feminine Philistinism in our fiction. In so far as she absolutely refuses to conform to conventional types, and to follow a well-trodden path, this is true. But who knows, the time may come when her work shall be recognized as shaping itself by the expulsive force of an original mind, and informed by an individual purpose. We do not deny that Mrs. Atherton has written much that were best forgotten, and she would doubtless be the first to admit it. The penalty of a strong, uncurbed imagination, applying its crude and immature views with a wild aim at life as it is confronted by it at first, is, that a great deal of dust is raised, and much dross must be turned over before the fine ore is dug out and fashioned to ends of utility and beauty. It must be conceded that Mrs. Atherton has always been outspoken, and has expressed her ideas with a frank fearlessness and natural spontaneity that is indifferent to praise or blame—too much so, perhaps, for consideration for the opinions and feelings of others has a salutary and educative effect that is not to be despised. But of her honesty and downright sincerity, the present writer for one, has never had a doubt. It is a curious commentary on the vagaries of reviewing, that when "The Aristocrats" was published without her name on the title page a few years ago, the reviewers who had

most consistently reviled her previous stories were, all unaware, loudest in their praise of the anonymous work. With her next book, "The Conqueror," Mrs. Atherton placed herself in the forefront of American writers, and insured for her future work a respectful and appreciative hearing.

"The Conqueror," it will be remembered, was characterized by the author as "dramatized biography". It was not strictly fiction nor biography, but a bold attempt at a new literary form. "Rulers of Kings", Mrs. Atherton's new novel, after the same manner, might be accurately described as "dramatized history". That is to say, she has taken actual and potential events, and certain royal persons very much in the public eye at the present moment, and has presented them in action with all the license of the dramatic imagination. The proposition briefly is this: Take an American of vast wealth and power, endow him with a scientific mind that puts him in control of Europe, plunge him into the court of the Hapsburgs, with the Emperor of Germany for a rival, and the daughter of an Emperor for the one woman in all the world—and what will happen? There are three ascending climaxes in the book. The first is that in which Fessenden Abbott, after spending his boyhood and youth in the solitary Adirondacks and in a western university, in pursuance of his father's plans for his education and training, learns that he is not a penniless student, but the heir to four hundred millions of dollars. The second takes place when, ten years later, he stands on the moonlit balcony in Hungary, alone with the daughter of an Emperor, and realizing that his happiness is bound up in her for all time, determines to win her for his wife. The third is the crowning scene of the book, in which Fessenden Abbott and his father face the Emperor of Germany and the Emperor of Austria in

secret conclave in the palace at Vienna, and the audacious young American compels the consent of the latter to his marriage with the Archduchess Ranata Theresia. The clash is between the two greatest powers in the world—American wealth and European royalty; and the victory is to the American—an apt illustration of the leveling forces of democracy over the fetish of monarchy by divine right. With an American of colossal wealth as he exists to-day, for hero, and a princess of the blood royal as she exists to-day, for heroine, Mrs. Atherton predicates what they might be and do if occasion offered, and truth to tell, she makes a very pretty case of it.

"Rulers of Kings" is the most novel and daring of all Mrs. Atherton's packet of literary surprises; more than that, it is the best work she has ever done. Her gifts of picturesque description, salient characterization, keen observation, and vital grasp of contemporaneous news—using the word in its best sense—were never so vigorously exerted to so laudable and masterly an achievement. It would be difficult to conceive of a work of fiction that could so vividly impress and captivate the modern mind. Every page tingles with the clamorous facts of the struggle for power among the nations at the present hour. But "Rulers of Kings" is not only a remarkable tract of the times, a page of contemporary history, but a romance of absorbing interest. Indeed, one must go back to "The Prisoner of Zenda" for a romance that can match "Rulers of Kings" with the thrill and pathos of passion, and the poignant conflict waged betwixt love of country and love for an alien. We shall be very far mistaken if "Rulers of Kings" does not create a profound sensation; it is just the sort of book to fasten on the popular imagination at the present moment. Its appearance, indeed, could not be better timed.

Mrs. March's Tea

BY L. LAMPREY

Dramatis Personæ: { MRS. MARCH
MR. MARCH
MAISIE (Who Knew)

MRS. MARCH: Basil, I've decided to give an Old Ladies' Tea. (Hands invitation list to March, who glances over it with trepidation.)

MARCH: But, my dear, do you think you can devise any form of entertainment suited to the tastes of all your guests? And what will Mrs. M'Lerie have in common with the grandmother of Ambrosine? And what will you do with Mrs. Blake, who doesn't even know the war is over, if Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman's friend from Brattleboro should undertake to discuss the education of the negro? Upon my soul, Isabel, it seems to me that Lady Blanchemain is the only one of your guests likely to enjoy herself, and to make a vaudeville show of a whole dinner party for the entertainment of one guest—even a person of title—

MRS. MARCH (showing signs of tears): Now, Basil, if you take it in that way I won't move an inch. Here are all these strangers in our midst—

MARCH: Don't let the New York *Sun* hear you say so.

MRS. MARCH: And—and don't you believe in our common humanity?

MARCH: I used to think so. (Aside) But I never knew that women did.

MRS. MARCH (triumphantly): Well, then!

MAISIE (from the corner, where she has been apparently absorbed in "The

Ambassadors"): Aren't you going to invite any gentlemen, Mrs. March?

MRS. MARCH: Why, no, dear—at least—

MAISIE: Then you can't do any matchmaking, can you?

MRS. MARCH: Merciful heavens, I never thought of that! Basil, I must be taken suddenly ill. You know I'm not well, don't you? Oh, say you do!

MARCH: Why, of course—

MRS. MARCH: That's so like you, Basil, love! Now you must telephone to them all and say the tea-party's off. Oh, do be quick! (Pushes him at the telephone, from which he reports at intervals.)

WHAT THEY SAID.

MRS. BLAKE (visiting Miss Ellen Glasgow): Upon my word, my dear Ellen, the manners of these Yankees are most extraordinary!

MRS. WIGGS (of the Cabbage Patch): Ain't that just a Providence? Now I can let Lovey Mary have my red waist and company bonnet to wear to the theayter.

MRS. PAUL (visiting Mrs. Margaret Deland): Oh, it is not of the least consequence. I never go to mixed parties.

MRS. ATHELSTAN (visiting Mrs. Elinor Glyn): I fear that I could not have allowed my granddaughter Am-

brosine to remain at the hotel unchaperoned; but we must all deny ourselves pleasure when the Fates demand a sacrifice.

MRS. GREEN FIELD, of Brattleboro: I hope your wife's condition ain't serious, Mr. March. (*Sotto voce*): She can't fool me; she changed her mind.

LINDA, LADY BLANCHEMAIN: I am sure we all missed a most delightful treat, dear Mr. March, though I do

not remember having met any of the company before.

MRS. M'LERIE: Aweel, it's a' yin.

MRS. MARCH: Well, Basil, I should think even you could see now that it was all for the best!

MARCH: Umph!

MAISIE: And you haven't countermanded the order for the cake and ice-cream!

The Literary Model

BY WALLACE IRWIN

I HAVE a new idea which I think I'll copyright,
A plan to aid the novel and the output expedite,
Whereby the story writer need no more in deserts fare;
For he can get material and never leave his chair.
Here is the *via regia* to literary power—
Why don't the busy authors hire their models by the hour?

The artists have their models in convenient studios,
Who cheerfully assume their rôles, for they are paid to pose.
They'll take the part of Christy man or Sioux or mountaineer,
An Arizona cowboy or Apollo Belvedere,
The Hebrew maiden at the well, Diana in the shower—
Why can't the authors also hire their models by the hour?

For months the author hunts for "types" and gets them where he can,
Evolving situations by the same haphazard plan.
How much more simple would it be if he would advertise,
"Wanted, a hero for an outdoor novel, average size.
Must know both girls and horses and be used to hardships dour"—
Why don't the authors advertise for models by the hour?

Fox need not seek the mountains, if he'll only take my tip,
And London, too, might save himself full many a Klondyke trip;
Thus Mrs. Wiggin *might* engage some Puritan demure
To simulate Rebecca, (though of this I'm not so sure.)—
And why should Major search to find another knighthood's flower
When he might hire a model knight—and pay him by the hour?

What Did Ernestine Say?

BY BERT LESTON TAYLOR

"NOW, don't over-eat," warned Ernestine Penwell, as she said good-bye to her husband in the train-shed at Chicago. "You know, dear, how careful you have to be."

"Never fear," he answered, lightly. "Naught shall lure me from the straight and narrow dietary path. After you, nothing is dearer to me than my digestion. Farewell."

As Ernest Penwell sat amid the plushes of the "De Luxe Limited," whirling eastward, he reflected, with pardonable pride, on the fact that he had arrived at the Grand Central Station of Fame. His first book, "The Smoke Inspector," had pleased the public enormously, and in his grip was the manuscript of Opus No. 2, already spoken for. He was on his way to the literary market to deliver the goods.

Penwell's fingers strayed to the lapel of his coat and caressed the blue button of the Howells Encouragement Society. Next they sought his inner coat-pocket and drew forth the familiar sheet of blue-tinted notepaper with the word of cheer from the good dean of American letters.

"Yes; I have arrived," murmured Ernest Penwell. "I have arrived with both feet."

Rich in prospects, if not in ready cash, he did not grudge the dollar for his meal in the dining car, although, restricted to the simplest dish on the opulent bill of fare, he got very little for his money. Penwell was only thirty (old for a successful author, but not for a dyspeptic); his limited capacity for digesting food was not the

result of early indiscretions; it was inherited.

Arrived in New York, our hero chartered a hansom and was set down before an imposing building in Fifth Avenue. He ascended to the eleventh floor and entered the offices of Push, Hussel and Company.

An office boy, requested to take a card to Mr. Hussel, pointed to a neatly framed sign:

OFFICE HOURS:
TWELVE TO ONE.

"I have an engagement with Mr. Hussel for ten o'clock," said Penwell.

At this moment a gentleman entered and advanced with outstretched hand.

"Mr. Penwell, is it not?" he said. "I recognized you from your portrait in *The Book Booster*. I am Mr. Hussel. Very glad to see you. If you wish, we will proceed at once to business. You have brought the manuscript?"

Penwell produced it.

"Good!" said Mr. Hussel, and, taking Penwell's arm, he escorted him to the elevator. "Have you any choice of restaurants?" he asked, when they reached the street.

"Why—er—the fact is," replied Penwell, "I had a very late breakfast aboard the train."

Mr. Hussel smiled indulgently. Penwell was from the West.

"What do you say to the Café Julien?" he suggested. "It's a bit loud, but we can find a quiet table."

Penwell thought the Café Julien would do, and presently he found him-

self staring blankly at a preposterous bill of fare.

"How would a steak with mushrooms go?" hazarded Mr. Hussel.

Steak and mushrooms! What would Ernestine say? "Isn't that rather heavy?" Penwell inquired feebly.

"We'll lighten it with a few side dishes," said the publisher, cheerfully, beckoning to the waiter. "And now to business."

Before the waiter returned Mr. Hussel had formally accepted the novel and delivered to Penwell his copy of the contract; and while the steak was dispatched—Penwell's share with much misgiving—they discussed the illustrations for the book.

A similar consultation seemed to be going on at a neighboring table.

"That's Gilttop, of Levant and Gilttop," whispered Mr. Hussel. "He has a Southern author in tow."

A question trembled on Ernest Penwell's lips, but he withheld it.

As the Boswell Club was just around the corner, Mr. Hussel "put up" Penwell and pledged him to dinner at seven-thirty. The publisher then hurried away to keep a luncheon engagement.

Left to his own devices, Penwell decided on a stroll up Fifth Avenue, but he had gone only a few blocks when a hand was laid lightly on his shoulder. Turning, he beheld the genial editor of *The Alert Magazine*.

"Confess you feel guilty," cried the editor, gaily. "Where is that article you promised us on 'The Relation of the Skyscraper to Public Morals'?"

"I still have it in mind," replied Penwell. "I intended to call on you to-day."

"Capital! Let us settle the matter now," said the editor. "Sherry's is only a few blocks farther on. We can go there."

"But I already have had two breakfasts," protested Penwell.

"Pooh! It's almost time for luncheon," said the editor, and he breezily overruled Penwell's further objections.

The guiding mind of the *Alert* was a capital hand at ordering a luncheon, and Penwell, much to his own surprise, lent a gallant hand to its dispatch. Thus far the Demon of Dyspepsia had made no sign.

"But what would Ernestine say?" thought Penwell.

"The Relation of the Skyscraper to Public Morals" was a "short horse, soon curried," and Penwell was presently free to resume his stroll on the avenue. His memorandum book contained engagements with a round dozen of publishers and editors, but he counted it wise to defer the next interview until he had digested one or two of his breakfasts. The time was now twelve-thirty.

"I might drop in on Hard, Attit and Company," he reflected. "If they keep the same hour as Push and Hussel, I may be able to talk business in their office. Fortunately, too, they are out of the restaurant belt."

Both Hard and Attit were in, and the latter, with whom Penwell had held correspondence, greeted him warmly.

"There is no regular restaurant very near here," he said, as he seized his hat; "but there is a pretty good caf  teria around the corner."

"But could we not talk here?" said Penwell.

Mr. Attit hesitated. "Why, I suppose we could," he answered, slowly; "but—it wouldn't be regular, you know."

"Oh, let us be regular," said Penwell, hastily. "To the caf  teria by all means."

"I can recommend the frankfurters and potato salad," said Mr. Attit, as they jostled their way through the crowd at the food counter.

Frankfurters and potato salad! What would Ernestine say?

"The mince pie, too, is good; it's home-made," volunteered Mr. Attit.

Penwell seized a piece of mince pie. "Kill or cure," he cried, recklessly. Then, to the young woman behind the counter: "Put some ice cream on it! Make it mince pie *à la mode*!"

Six hours later Penwell was dining with Mr. Hussel at the Boswell Club. In that six hours he had accumulated four luncheons, and was feeling very much "overset," as the newspaper folk say.

"My dear Mr. Penwell," his host was saying, in response to the question withheld at their first meeting, "it's the *only* way. I venture to say that between the hours of nine and twelve and one and five not a live publisher or magazine editor is in his office. Publishers and authors now transact their business at the club or café. As for literary dinners, there are fifty going on at this moment."

Penwell's comment was checked by an acute pain beneath his waistcoat. Mr. Hussel refilled the wine-glasses and continued:

"I venture the further statement that in a few years all business that can be will be done at the club or café, and offices will be occupied only by stenographers, bookkeepers and clerks. It is but a step from the conditions

that exist to-day. When the mayor or the governor has something to say on matters of city or state, he says it with one hand resting on the banquet table. Over the walnuts and the wine the administration at Washington outlines its policies, and cabinet officers defend their chief from the attacks of the opposition. When the Sunday dinner supersedes the present church service, the efficiency of the clergyman will be trebled and everybody will become a churchgoer. Thus it is—But, pardon me, Mr. Penwell—are you ill?"

"I fear I am going to be *very* ill," replied Penwell, faintly. "Would you—mind—calling—a cab? What *will* Ernestine say?"

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"Am I in time?" Ernestine Penwell inquired, tremulously.

The nurse smiled reassuringly. "Oh, yes; he is much better," she said. "He is no longer delirious, but sleeping peacefully."

"Did he—did he ask for me in his delirium?"

"No; he was continually calling for such queer things as mince pie *à la mode*, lobster, potato salad, frankfurters— There! he is awake. He is calling."

"Take me to him!" cried Ernestine.



Reviews

SIR MORTIMER. By *Mary Johnston*.
Harper and Brothers, New York.
\$1.50.

THAT her new novel would have to undergo comparison with "Westward Ho!" is a risk which Miss Johnston doubtless foresaw. In fact, such a comparison is inevitable, and there is fortunately no reason why she should dread it or we should avoid it. Perhaps, too, by this method of literary reference, used with almost absurd frequency in these days, one may conveniently gain an articulate impression and arrive at a just estimate of "Sir Mortimer."

The historical period is the same in the two romances,—“the spacious times of great Elizabeth,” when the new wine of the Renaissance turned all England into a race of gods and fools, when, as Miss Johnston says, “men were swept into adventure by high purpose, love of country, religious ecstasy, chivalrous devotion, greed of gain, lust of aggrandizement, lust of power, mad ambitions, ruthless intents,” an age not altogether unlike our own. The scenes are much the same in both,—London, the court, the English village, the wide uncharted seas, the Spanish Main, the tropic islands, the coast of South America. Sir Francis Drake, Sir Philip Sidney and other great names of history and literature star the pages of the new romance as well as those of the old, and one hears a faint echo of “Westward Ho!” when, in “Sir Mortimer,” Giles Arden brings to his fellows a warning remembrance of that John Oxenham, whose daughter Ayacnora is perhaps the strangest heroine in the greater English fiction.

Neither Kingsley nor Miss Johnston attempts the impossible and fruitless task of reproducing exactly the English

speech of the sixteenth century. They content themselves with suggestive word-orders and typical phrases. “Sir Mortimer” is nothing less than a triumph of stylistic skill. It is the first work of fiction to afford an adequate representation of Euphuism, with its balanced clauses chiming in sound and changing in sense, its innumerable references to classic mythology, its unnatural similes from natural history. Considering the fact that Sir Walter Scott, in “The Monastery,” made a conspicuous failure of the same endeavor, this achievement of Miss Johnston’s is all the more noteworthy. She has also pierced to the very heart of the Arcadian affectation, keeping the tone of conversation emotional and dramatic while it remains *précieuse*. The glowing fable in which Sir Mortimer clothes the story of his love for Damaris Sedley shows a remarkable literary sensibility and sympathy, for it is quintessentially Elizabethan.

One does not expect of Miss Johnston Canon Kingsley’s broad canvas, teeming with a varied humanity, his fulness of antiquarian knowledge, his philosophical basis and purpose. Reduced to their lowest terms, however, the themes of the two authors have much in common. Both writers have been impressed by the degrading influence which the frenzy of adventure may have upon a noble mind. Sir Amyas Leigh expiates his passionate revenge in blindness. Sir Mortimer Ferne expiates his too conscious pride in an abysmal agony of spirit, more bitter than blindness, more awful than the tortures which racked his body. Here is a subject fitted to the hand of a delicate artist like Miss Johnston, who yet does not quite succeed in making her outer plot as plausible as her inner problem is finely conceived. She does not quite

convince the reader that Sir Mortimer could reasonably suppose his honor betrayed,—and this is the turning-point of the tale.

Some loose threads, moreover, are left dangling, such as the undramatic treatment of Baldry's death, and Don Luiz de Guardiola's casual escape from poetic justice. After thrilling the imagination with a revenge of very Spanish ingenuity he is allowed to sink quietly from sight and retire unpunished to his estates at home.

Yet, despite these faults and others, the entire narrative moves with the splendid energy of the born story-teller. The creator of high-souled women in "To Have and to Hold" and "Audrey" has, in "Sir Mortimer," fashioned the more difficult figure of a high-souled man. She has revived for the modern public the rich sensation of Elizabethan style. She has written the finest romance of Spanish gold and English honor since "Westward Ho!"

D. L. C.

WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING. *By Randall Parrish. A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago. \$1.50.*

ALL members of that immense army of novel-readers who, a few years ago, turned their attention almost exclusively to historical romance and especially that placed in the United States, will find renewed opportunity to study history in a thrillingly interesting form in "When Wilderness Was King." Written by a Chicago author and published by a Chicago firm, the novel, though timed as far back as 1812, has a veritable Chicago locale, most of the action occurring in and about old Fort Dearborn, or Chicagou Portage, as the site of the present great metropolis was even more originally called. Indian treachery and warfare furnish the background of danger and fighting, and the graphic description of the horrible historic massacre following the evacuation of the fort, August 15, 1812, renders the story "bluggy" enough to suit the most exacting. There are few examples of wild berserk

slaughter, even in Norse "saga-fiction," that excel, or even equal, the delirious battle on the shore wherein John Wayland, laying about him with his rifle-barrel, disposes of unnumbered savages while his friends escape lakeward in a boat.

The story deals most directly with the adventures of this young frontiersman who leaves his home, in a clearing in the Illinois country, to seek at Fort Dearborn the orphaned daughter of his father's best friend. John Wayland accompanies Captain Wells, of Fort Wayne, through the heart of the wilderness to the fort. Through a series of coincidental omissions and negligences of speech, which considerably strains the credulity of the reader and overemphasizes the hero's stupidity, Wayland fails to discover until the very last chapter that the girl he has fallen desperately in love with and around whom most of the interest centers is the same he set out to seek. The author introduces a number of convincing characters, both historic and imaginative, including the tantalizing heroine, the Gascon marquis, shrewd Ol' Tom Burns, Captain Wells, Captain Heald, and Gomo, the great war-chief of the Pottawattomies.

The book is handsomely decorated and illustrated in colors by the Kinneys. It should prove a welcome addition to that entertaining group of novels of which "To Have and to Hold" was a pioneer.

C. A.

THE ADVENTURES OF ELIZABETH IN RUGEN. *By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.*

HERE we have once more the genuine Elizabeth in a book more delightful than "The Benefactress" or even "The Solitary Summer," perhaps on the whole more fascinating than the one which made the name Elizabeth a synonym for a wit, sometimes caustic, but always pungent, humor delicate but irresistible, and the love of everything beautiful in nature. This is the record

of a carriage journey of eleven days about the island of Rügen. Frau X is accompanied by the ever-faithful Gertrud, the Man of Wrath being very properly left behind to look after the babies.

It is hard to find a dull page in the entire volume, if indeed there be one. However jaded the reader's appetite, he will shower Scotch blessings on the person who interrupts his enjoyment of its amusing incidents and clever character-sketches. Among the latter are those of the Harvey-Brownes, wife and son of an English bishop, the learned Professor Nieberlein and Charlotte, his unhappy and uncomfortable wife. The last-named person is a cousin of the heroine. At Thiessow the two meet while in bathing, and thereafter Elizabeth is subject to the excitements incident to the constant companionship of a lady who, having brought into the world and lost six little Bernhard Nieberleins, has become a champion of woman's rights and left the erudite Herr Professor. The gentle satire with which the weaknesses of this poor little soul are unveiled is perfect in its way, and so is the description of the worthy Mrs. Harvey-Browne, a narrow-minded, unreservedly English lady of the important type.

In the desert of hashed epigrams and forced wit we can only be devoutly thankful for so refreshing an oasis as this. May the author make many more pilgrimages, whether in fact or fancy, and give us the history of her adventures in every case!

E. K.

TOLSTOY, THE MAN. By Edward A. Steiner. *The Outlook Company, New York.* \$1.50 net.

BEGINNING with an enthusiastic account of a personal visit to the lord of Yasnaya Polyana and ending with a rhapsody on Tolstoy's latter-day theological and sociological creed of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, Dr. Steiner leaves his book open to the danger of being filed away unread among some four thousand books, pamphlets and polemics going to make

up the flood of Tolstoyana. But such a hasty conclusion would be a grave mistake. Dr. Steiner is not to be classified either as hero-worshiper, scoffer, accuser or critic.

Having revealed his personal view in the beginning, he proceeds with the work in hand with an exact fidelity to truth characteristic of the university-bred German, not in the minute way that caused Carlyle impatiently to rail against the shortcomings of "Herr Dryasdust," but with a discriminating intelligence that eliminates all the non-essentials and gives us the whole picture, clear and sharp, on a small canvas. The multitudinous questions that naturally arise over Tolstoy and his work he answers not with theories but by setting down the exact facts as he has learned them, partly by patient investigation and partly by sympathetic and intelligent interpretation of his works, through which the soul of their creator speaks. The task was made easier by the extreme frankness of Tolstoy himself, who has confessedly laid open his whole life in his books, and used his characters as mouthpieces for his innermost thoughts.

Reared a conceited, imperious, indolent young nobleman, of fitful temperament, Count Tolstoy vacillated in early life between half-baked efforts to reform condition of the Russian mujik and whole-hearted plunges into the voluptuous vice of Moscow, until presently his debts drove him to burial in the Caucasus and thence into the army. His first story, "My Childhood," written while he was eating of the husks of repentance in the army camps of the Caucasus, won immediate acceptance at St. Petersburg and generous praise from no less a critic than Turgenieff. Through the Crimean War he was in the thick of things on the Danube and at Sebastopol and his apotheosis of the Russian common soldier in his powerful Sebastopol sketches stirred all Russia. His literary reputation was now made, but it was not helped in the subsequent years he spent in St. Petersburg and in travel, drinking, gambling and carousing with those of his rank, quarreling and talking much with the members of his literary circle and working but little.

It was not until he had reached the meridian of life that he found his greatest blessing in a young wife, ideally fitted for the hardships of marriage to a genius, and settled down on his country estate for a dozen or more years of idyllic family life, during which he reached the zenith of his literary fame with works of such marvelous power as "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina." As he waxed great and prosperous under the careful management of his wife, the old dissatisfaction with himself and his work in the world returned and found vent for a while in his weird experiment in pedagogy, of schools without rule and almost without reason. Then, at the rather ripe age of fifty-three, came his widely announced conversion, accompanied by the barefoot ethics of sweat and labor and the attraction of disciples, many of whom have given their all to the poor and outdone their master in the severity of their asceticism. For the first time Tolstoy began to live up to his preachments and he does so yet—after a fashion. Under the same roof he entertains all comers and his family entertain Russian society. He throws his work away, but the countess picks it up and thus brings the family income to princely proportions. He dresses in peasant's garb and eats his gruel at a table loaded with the creations of a competent chef and attended by servants in correct livery.

All of which means that Tolstoy, aside from his surpassing genius, is very much like the rest of weak humanity, a bundle of inconsistencies. It is not so difficult to practice what one preaches when advancing age has killed the flavor of the fleshpots, especially when one can practice in the bright light, with the plaudits of the multitude to inspire! In his tense nature, a high order of genius has been accompanied by the weakness of an intensified "artistic temperament," which usually means the reckless courage to dispense with such conventions as chafe and repudiate the tribute we, the mediocre myriad, pay to manners and virtue in the coin of hypocrisy, that we may keep ourselves in the church and out of the penitentiary. Untrammelled by the cowardice of the everyday, he has fol-

lowed not only the general bent of his nature toward truth and human sympathy, but has danced off after all the passing purposes of a fitful temperament.

Just now it is his manner of life and his religio-philosophic creed that occupy men's minds, but it seems not unlikely that his efforts to teach and preach and practice will fade into the mist of time, while his superlative literary genius will continue through the ages, a living force making for truth and human freedom.

R. M. S.

THE DELIVERANCE. By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Page and Company. New York. \$1.50.

"THE product of the soil" is a common phrase among American novelist writers—and wheat became ingrained in the characters of Norris's "The Octopus," as David's nature in James Lane Allen's "The Reign of Law" betook of the qualities of the hemp. But though Miss Glasgow has chosen to place Christopher Blake, the hero of her new book, "The Deliverance," in the midst of tobacco-fields in Virginia, the plant becomes a background only, and is not fiber of the soul.

As a story, however, this is one of absorbing interest—one in which conditions and character are equally well handled. What is most likely to work subtly with the sympathy of a reader is the unconscious feeling that the author realizes the delicacy of her situations,—is one with the traditions and hopes of her locality. This Miss Glasgow undoubtedly shows—the F. F. V. instinct of blood is inherent in the Blake family, reduced in circumstances through the villainy of the heroine's grandfather—but more satisfactorily is it revealed in the light that shines through Christopher during rare moments, than in the fine typical pride, as shown in his mother. The same may be said of the bright hold on life, as is developed in Christopher's sister Lila, and the brightness that comes when the hold on life is nearing its end, as in the case of Christopher's uncle.

The motive of the book lies in the revenge of an undoubted wrong—a war

waged between a son and his father's former overseer, in which retribution comes to both. Insatiable is the thirst of Christopher, who drags the grandson in the mire purposely to wreak his vengeance; and even though Fletcher's death comes finally from the hand of this same grandson; even though Christopher saves the boy from the verdict of the law, and himself serves the prison sentence as the only means of a deliverance which his better nature demands, there is a revulsion of feeling that does not leave one satisfied at the close of the book.

But Miss Glasgow has shown her art by developing her hero consistently—with a sort of doggedness that is unfailingly true. She places in him the strength of a soil that, though it might harden outwardly, nourishes the spirit, as it protects life within the seed. And as the seed requires the warmth of the Spring for growth, so Christopher unfolds beneath the warmth that has the tenderness of May with all the sadness of Autumn. Maria is the type of heroine that is a force rather than a picture; into Christopher's nature during those instants of refinement she slips, until she works her way into the heart's insatiable desire.

While there is novelty in the determination to lie to the sensitive Mrs. Blake about their true poverty—though for twenty years a beautiful self-sacrifice is shown in the case of Cynthia—all things kept unchanged beneath a blind woman's touch—there is an unsatisfactory indistinctness in this part of Miss Glasgow's novel, that seems as though it were introduced for local effect rather than necessity. Here likewise is detected a lack of freedom in style, where epigrammatic cleverness is too imitative of a species of story-telling that is a forced vogue rather than a spontaneous narration.

What makes Miss Glasgow's book distinctive, and herein, it would seem, is found its virility, is, that rather than being distinctly Southern in tone, despite its show of racial traditions, it deals with a struggle that might occur in whatever soil a human being is driven unjustly to a lower level, with a consciousness of his better nature.

M. J. M.

THE FAT OF THE LAND. By John Williams Streeter. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

A SUCCESSFUL physician, who, at the age of fifty-three, was obliged to give up the practice of his profession on account of ill health tells this "plain and circumstantial narrative of how Four Oaks grew, in seven years, from a poor, ill-paying, sadly neglected farm, into a beautiful home and a profitable investment." It is his aim to give the public the benefit of his experience, and at the same time he is ready to accept any criticism which may be offered. He determined to get nothing but the best stock of every kind and then to give it the best possible care. He had ample means with which to carry out his project, but he did not intend to waste them. To those who say that with small investment sums no such returns could be expected it may be suggested that an amount of land in proportion should be chosen. The author writes a thoroughly readable account of his fortunate experiment, mingling with the practical details the record of pleasant social intercourse and various happenings on the farm which became so delightful a home to him and his family. The book ought to arouse profitable discussion.

E. K.

TILLIE, A MENNONITE MAID. By Helen Reimensnyder Martin. The Century Company, New York. Price \$1.50.

WHAT Mary Wilkins has done toward introducing us to the plain people of New England in their daily thought and deed, Helen Reimensnyder Martin has done toward introducing us to the well-known, little-known, Pennsylvania Dutch of Lancaster county and the country round about; and what Kate Douglas Wiggin has done in delineating the development of a girl child to womanhood in the narrow environments of Puritan practice, Mrs. Martin has done with Tillie among the even narrower confines of Pennsylvania Dutch methods of child development.

Tillie is very reminiscent of Rebecca, but with added interest, because the Pennsylvania Dutch character has been, and still is, so much less known than the Puritan.

The story in itself is simple, and it is skilfully handled, for with every opportunity to introduce the dramatic-heroic, the author avoids it always. There are times when even the least theatric reader feels as if Tillie might be allowed to play to the galleries just a little, but the repressive hand is upon her to the end, and she is no more than any one of hundreds of the real Tillies are—going out at the close of the story in a runaway, quite as such a runaway might be expected to take place. Neither does the author go into any profound analyses of emotions, situations and the various other possibilities which present-day authors never permit to go unworked to the ultimate atom of the analytic.

There is no such other exposition of these Pennsylvania Dutch, truly a peculiar people, yet the reader does not gather great stores of information about them, by reading pages of interpolated description. He absorbs it unconsciously from the talk and action of the various characters, men, women and children, who live and move and have their being on the pages of the book, very much as they do upon their Lancaster farms, and in the little village of New Canaan, which is the farm focus. It is a "nature story" in a somewhat different form from what is usually understood by that term.

"Tillie" is Matilda Maria Getz, the unusual daughter of Jake Getz, well-to-do farmer, and a School Director, who believes in children leaving school at twelve years of age and going to work for the parents who begot them, and thus paying the debt of their existence. He believes this especially of "females," who do not need book knowledge to make them acceptable to their future "Misters." Tillie has different views, and the struggle with her "Pop" continues to the end, when she runs away and supposedly marries Prof. Fairchilds of the Millersville Normal. In these views she is encouraged and upheld by "Miss Margaret," a teacher from Kentucky, who, it

may be imagined, must have been very unlike the average Pennsylvania Dutch person, and in all regards a revelation and a delight to Tillie.

The characters represent all the peculiar religions of the region—Old and New Mennonites, Amishmen, Evangelicals, Truth Seekers, Dunkards, Winebrennerians, and the rest, and they speak in a language full of odd expressions and peculiar words and idioms, yet much more intelligible than the modern American slang which has been exploited into general knowledge.

All in all, "Tillie" is a book well worth the reading, not only as a story, but as an introduction to a strange and interesting people, who have retained much of their primitiveness, although set down in the very midst of all that is modern and progressive.

W. J. L.

THE GENTLE READER. By Samuel M. Crothers. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price \$1.25.

IN the old days when salvation was by fire and brimstone, the laughing parson was looked upon as a dangerous character. But now that the incorrigible unrighteous is enjoying his innings and can speak his mind, he begins to concede a hope of salvation even to the clergyman, provided only he have a "saving sense of humor." The man who lacks humor we may trust, but we can not wholly like. He makes us tired. Salvation is not for him. The author of "The Gentle Reader" is a New England clergyman with this saving sense.

Mr. Crothers professes to believe that the man of humor can not be a philosopher. He should read his own book. There is philosophy in every line and humor on every page. Quotable sentences are countless. While many are epigrammatic, they fit together so well that nowhere is there a breach in the continuity. Cleverness has put up for us a sort of continuous performance. One reads through a seriously thoughtful para-

graph and is startled at the very end with a sudden flash of wit. To illustrate:

"Humor is impossible to a man of one idea. There must be at least two ideas moving in opposite directions so that there may be a collision. Such an accident does not happen in a mind under economical management, that runs only one train of thought a day."

We can not recommend "The Gentle Reader" to any one who is too busy to linger over the pages. The bookman who refuses to travel leisurely through his volume and prefers a headlong chase toward the coveted *Finis* will have little patience with this delicate and delicious bit of philosophy.

Happily for those of us who have time, the number of leisurely readers is no less than it was, although the reading world is gone fiction-mad. We may well hope for more literature like "The Gentle Reader." For Sir Roger still has his friends, the incense of Roast Pig still rises to grateful nostrils, *Virginibus Puerisque* continues to appeal to those of us who are willing to stay young, and books that interpret human nature in the kindly humorous fashion that Addison set two hundred years ago will always find gentle readers to welcome and enjoy them.

C. W. M.

A LITTLE GARRISON. *By Lieutenant Bilse, translated from the German by Wolf von Schierbrand. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. \$1.50.*

THE effect of this book in Germany has been far beyond its merits.

Like the historic key to the church in Jerusalem which opened the door to the Crimean War, so the publication of "A Little Garrison" has become an event of national, and therefore of international, importance. The book is, in effect, an arraignment of the entire German army, while professing to be merely the picture of an obscure frontier garrison, and the revelation of a state of moral corruption commensurate with that of the French army in 1870 could not fail deeply to stir the Empire. That the picture, in its main features, is correct, is gener-

ally conceded by the German press, but opinion as to the wisdom of exposing the ulcer to public view is divergent. Certainly it can not fail to arouse disgust with militarism in the breasts of all Americans, at least.

As a literary work, the book can not be awarded great praise. The story, as a whole, is interesting, but the individual characters make but scant appeal to our sympathy, and their fate is thus scarcely of great moment. Indeed, at times one is forced to pause to differentiate the various actors in the drama. It is a transcript of life, but it is a transcript untouched by the poet's imagination, which alone could render it worth contemplation. Almost without exception, the characters are of that coarse, sordid stamp which repels without at the same time attracting, as in the case of the "successful" villains of fiction. Human nature is so much richer and more varied than the author perceives, that perusal of the story is inevitably accompanied by a sense of inadequacy. All phases of life, of course, offer legitimate material for the novelist; but there can scarcely be two opinions as to the author's breach of good taste in holding up to public obloquy the faces of his former friends and comrades, as we much suspect he has done.

The claim of the book upon our attention is thus rather sociological than literary. For all who desire a clear comprehension of contemporary Germany, "A Little Garrison" is indispensable; and further valuable prolegomena to such a study are offered by the translator in the "Introduction" with which he has provided the English version.

W. W. W.

THE GORDON ELOPEMENT. *By Carolyn Wells and Harry Persons Taber. Doubleday, Page & Company, New York. \$1.25 net.*

FOR a rainy morning or a hot afternoon on the piazza of the summer hotel this little sketch will serve to kill a few hours in very entertaining fashion. Five very up-to-date young peo-

ple, two "native products" and a dog are thrown together at a lonely summer hotel in the most nonsensical fashion and do a lot of nonsensical things in a very bright and original way for their mutual entertainment. The types are sufficiently true to be readily recognizable, without being so true as to lose their originality, and the story is carried along, not by the filmy plot that holds it together, but by the reader's curiosity to learn what bright thing will be said or what particularly crazy thing will be done next. The only really dull page in it is the one devoted to Gordon's Hiawatha verse. Possibly the authors permitted him to go on so long just to show how easy it is to write that sort of thing interminably, but that was unnecessary, for nearly everybody discovers this fact for himself before he gets into his 'teens. It must be taken for granted that Ethel Martin is a part of the contribution of Miss Wells to the joint work, for surely no man person would be brave enough to set out in cold type the perfectly natural way in which the modern girl encourages every man in sight to make downright love to her. Possibly it was necessary, as a concession to a sentimental public, to "marry her off" at the end of the tale, but Jimmy Black was really too engaging a lad to be immolated thus.

R. M. S.

THE MAN ROOSEVELT. *A portrait sketch.*
By Francis E. Leupp. D. Appleton &
Co., New York. \$1.25 net.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT THE CITIZEN. By
Jacob Riis. The Outlook Co., New
York. \$2.00.

HERE are two works surprisingly alike in general scheme and not different in spirit, although very diverse in style and point of view. Both authors write not a biography but a sketch, both are personal friends of the President, both are New York City men, and both are firm admirers of him and confident of his righteousness and genuineness. Both cover somewhat the same periods and so treat of the same inci-

dents, though in different ways. Finally, each book is a splendid campaign document.

The two authors are very different in training and environment. Mr. Riis, as the world knows, is a self-educated Dane who has worked wonders in New York's slumdom. Mr. Leupp has been for years the Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* and is a man of fine culture and taste. Of the two works, undoubtedly Mr. Leupp's is the better written, the more clearly thought out, and covers only the things of which the author himself knows, while Mr. Riis has not hesitated to give us a good deal of Roosevelt in the war with Spain about which he could not know at first hand. Naturally, however, Mr. Riis writes chiefly of Roosevelt's work in New York and Mr. Leupp devotes most of his space to Roosevelt as President. Hence, the two books are distinct and are well worth and richly worth the reading of all who wish to get an insight into one of the most interesting personalities in our history.

Mr. Leupp passes judgment on the President as a man who will not give up, who will not be balked by opposition and yet who is reasonable and ready to make a compromise on clean grounds. The key-note to Mr. Roosevelt's public decisions is a desire, according to Mr. Leupp, to secure the "highest good." That trait was first shown conspicuously when he decided to support Blaine against the great body of his personal and college friends who were going over to Cleveland. It is this desire which has brought about some of his most signal victories, for he has thus shown that he is no idle dreamer, but, above all else, a practical worker. Yet he has been careful that no taint shall adhere to his choice in the end. Mr. Leupp used to be a very close intimate of Roosevelt when the latter was Civil Service Commissioner, and the way the young official shook up the dry bones in the service was exhilarating. The famous quarrel with Senator Gorman in which Roosevelt won such a decisive victory is here narrated accurately and very spiritedly. The President's relations to Mr. Hanna is a subject which Mr. Leupp treats very justly, showing

that each man was sincerely attached to the other, and resolutely refused to allow mischief to be made between them. Incident upon incident crowds the pages of Mr. Leupp's book, and on many questions which are likely to come up during the coming campaign it is most helpful and revelatory.

Mr. Riis writes with the warmest and most unaffected admiration. In fact the regard in which he holds the President is affection, deep, tender and sweet. Sometimes the expression of this sentiment sounds overdone and might accuse him of "slopping over," but usually it stops short of that. At times there are touches and revelations of this affection which call to the reader feelings of joy at the existence of such noble people and such true sentiment. Here is one of them. After Roosevelt went to the war with Spain: "Two months dragged their slow length along. There had been fighting in Cuba. Every morning my wife and I plotted each to waylay the newsboy to get the paper first and make sure that he was safe before the other should see it."

Both writers take up the charge that the President is unsafe and both combat it, Leupp carefully and wisely, Riis warmly and a trifle angrily. Their verdict is most complimentary to the Executive and to his future conduct. Indeed, one lays down each book with a feeling of gratitude that we have a President about whom such first-class men as Riis and Leupp can write in such terms of praise and admiration.

F. B. T.

THE STORY OF SUSAN. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. \$1.50 net.

THE story of Susan is a sad one, too sad to be sufficiently relieved by the bits of comedy and caricature scattered throughout it, bright though they be. Where there is so much of suffering in a book, there must be at least one thoroughly happy or thoroughly lovable character to give relief.

The tale lies in a quaint English market town, in the early half of the last

century, and deals mainly with the clash of hearts between a young tradesman, soaked in the narrow fanaticism of the early Methodist teachings, and a vain, weak and fitful lady's maid, whose love and life are so thoroughly spoiled by a misstep due to coquetry, that it seems but poor mending of the mess to bring her back to religious sunshine and marriage with the young Methodist. The men in the picture, even to the rich dandy to whom Susan gave the best years of her life in marriage, and Martin, the Methodist hero, who sternly forced this marriage, are rather shadowy, but the women are very real types of womankind of today and of all days, drawn with firm strokes in strong color. Lady Barwell, *nouveau riche*, ignorant and unhappy in her half-determined social status, but motherly and pure gold at heart, is duplicated a dozen times in every American city, where wealth so often brings only ashes. Fanny Barwell, big, red-haired, athletic, with a very distinct touch of the devil in her make-up, might have been a great social success in these more daring days, but, born before her time, she beat her wings in vain against the bars of environment and finally ran away with a soldier of the line. And Susan, sweet, pretty, coquettish and vain, really suffered away beyond her deserts, though she was hardly big enough of heart to make the suffering tragic. And, even after it all comes to marriage with Martin, it is not plain that she is going to be happy in the somber gloom of a Methodist household.

S. M. R.

THE JEWEL OF SEVEN STARS. By Bram Stoker. Harper & Brothers. New York and London. Price \$1.50.

THIS book is not a "shilling shocker"—it is a dollar-and-a-half Egyptologic nightmare and 311 pages of gooseflesh and cold chills. The jewel of seven stars is a carved ruby found on a queen mummy, or a mummied queen, in an Egyptian tomb and brought to England along with other

lingerie of the lady, including a mummified cat. There is nothing, possibly, quite so grewsome as a cat in a mummified state, and this particular cat possessed all the qualifications. Mr. Trelawney, an Englishman, rich and learned in Egyptology, had the feline and mulierine mummies in a strange cabinet of weird and woozy curios, and he kept the jewel in a burglar-proof safe in the same room. He wore a bangle on his wrist with the key of the safe attached, and it appears that the spirit of the lady and the cat wanted to get the jewel. Being spirit, they could get into the safe, but the jewel, being solid matter, was beyond the spirit's power to remove. Trelawney was almost killed by the lady and the cat spirits in their efforts to use the key on the safe, but he stood them out to a finish. Miss Trelawney, his daughter, a lovely lady, finally engaged to Malcolm Ross, an attorney, who tells the tale, in some mysterious fashion, was the re-incarnation of the mummy queen, and a cat she loved was more or less related to the mummified cat.

Now mix them all up together, with hypnotic influences, strange appearances, queer movements, unexplained removals of property, red lights, slow music, and a few extras of the ghostly kind, and you have the plot. Then kill off all the characters in a Cornwall cave where clouds of pale green and black smoke and all sorts of smothery smells prevailed, leaving Mr. Ross to tell the tale, and you have the *dénouement*.

The scene is chiefly in London, and the story begins well, ends vaguely and unsatisfactorily and is filled in the middle with a lot of Egyptologic detail that is neither valuable as science nor interesting as fiction. It is a good story to read when you haven't anything else handy, and the yellow journals have temporarily paled.

Just why the publishers did not have pictures in the book is not visible at this distance, because the field for the unbridled fancy of the artist, who splashes Art all over his canvas, is here presented in a breadth of potentiality that would make the very hair in his brushes curl.

W. J. L.

DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY. By Sara Andrews Shafer. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price \$1.50.

BOOKS, like people, are often unconscious of likeness or obligation to ancestry. "Day Before Yesterday," innocent and unaware, bears traces of descent from an English original. A faint, attractive resemblance to its great grandmother Cranford marks this story of American village life. In the pleasantly "doctored" and agreeable atmosphere of serenity and placidity which characterizes the book one traces its lineage. As in Cranford, the reader is transported out of the hurry and din of to-day into a cut-off corner of long ago. From this little corner, sufficient unto itself, the busy world is shut out; in it, one is as secluded as if one were living in a bubble.

The peaceful atmosphere of this somewhat un-American village is invaded by the presence of decidedly American children, children of an old-fashioned type and belonging to a time before juvenile training became a science. These children are particularly natural and diverting. Rachel, the ringleader of a little band of neighbors and cousins, is what country people call "a limb." Her character is shrewdly sketched; her escapades are recited with zest and humor. The funeral of an aunt gives occasion for the most cheering of these. Forbidden to attend the funeral with her family, Rachel invites a mob of children to the stonecutter's, which happens to be the most convenient point for viewing the procession. Arrived, they sit on the tombstones and cheer the inmates of each coach, as it passes by, while Rachel addresses personally her humiliated relatives. The fun of this situation is not the less refreshing on account of its obvious quality.

"Day Before Yesterday" adds another to the constantly growing collection of juvenile stories for the grown-up person.

Barring a little too much rhapsodizing over the good old times the book is most agreeable. Its genuine and refreshing tone commends it to the public. The summer library should include it.

M. L. S.

"There is one fable that touches very near the quick of life: the fable of the monk who passed into the woods, heard a bird break into song, hearkened for a trill or two, and found himself on his return a stranger at his convent gates; for he had been absent fifty years, and of all his comrades there survived but one to recognize him. . . . All life that is not merely mechanical is spun out of two strands: seeking for that bird and hearing him. And it is just this that makes life so hard to value, and the delight of each so incommunicable."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Their Works Live After Them

*A Chronological List of Literary Men and Women Who Have Died During the Last Month
Compiled by Howard S. Ruddy*

SALMON, REV. DR. GEORGE, Provost of Trinity College, Ireland, January 22, age eighty-five. Author of mathematical works which have been translated into various languages; and of books on theology and Bible criticism.

FRANZOS, KARL EMIL, at Berlin, January 29, in his fifty-sixth year. An Austrian Jew who wrote voluminously of Ghetto life. His first work was *Die Juden von Barnow* (1877) and his last *Ernst Schulze and Caecilie* (1901). His most important novel was *Ein Kampf ums Recht* (1887).

MACGAHAN, BARBARA, at New York, February 27, aged fifty-three. Widow of Januarius Aloysius MacGahan, famous war correspondent. Author: *Xenia Refina*, in English, and other novels in

Russian. Translated Bret Harte, Mark Twain and Edgar A. Poe into Russian. Russian pen-name, Vlad Kashirin.

MORRISON, MARY J. WHITNEY ("Jenny Wallis"), at Waltham, Mass., February 29, aged seventy-one. Editor: *Songs and Rhymes for the Little Ones* (1884). Author: *Stories True and Fancies New* (1898). Contributor to young people's magazines.

FLETCHER, LYDIA ("Coyne"), at Washington, D. C., March 2, aged fifty. Author of books and plays.

MURRAY, REV. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, better known as "Adirondack Murray," at Guilford, Conn., March 3, aged sixty-four. Author: *Camp Life in the Adirondacks* (1868); *Music Hall Sermons* (1870); *Words Fitly Spoken*

(1878); Sermons Delivered from Park Street Pulpit (1874); Adirondack Tales (1877); How Deacon Tubman and Parson Whitney Kept New Year (1887); Adirondack Adventures; Adventures in the Wilderness; Busted ex-Texan; Cones for the Campfire; Daylight Land; Deacons; How J. Norton, Trapper, Kept Christmas; John Norton's Thanksgiving; Lake Champlain; Mamelons and Ungava; Mystery of the Woods; Story the Keg Told Me.

MURRAY, ALEXANDER S., at London, England, March 5, in his sixty-fourth year. Chief of the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities of the British Museum, and the greatest Greek scholar of our times. Author: History of Greek Sculpture; Handbook of Archæology.

LOFTUS, LORD AUGUSTUS, at London, March 8, aged eighty. Formerly Ambassador to Berlin and St. Petersburg. Author: Diplomatic Reminiscences (1892).

BOYNTON, GENERAL HENRY, at Augusta, Me., March 9, aged seventy-three. Veteran of the Civil War. Author: The World's Greatest Conflict; The History of the United States and Europe.

PORTER, MRS. MARIA S., at Lynn, Mass., March 11, aged seventy-one. Prominent in suffrage and anti-slavery movement; published poems, and a book of reminiscences of distinguished people.

BURKHOLDER, VIRGINIA, at New York, March 13, aged fifty. Was a well-known magazine writer and former editor and proprietor of The Defender, a Prohibition magazine.

CARROLL, JOHN F., of Parkersburg, W. Va., at Waldron, Ark., March 17. Was the author of standard works on geology.

BEHR, DR. HANS HERMAN, at San Francisco, March 13, aged eighty-five. Explored Brazil, Australia and Java in search of entomological specimens. Wrote numerous scientific books, published vol-

umes of fiction and poetry. Was curator of the Academy of Sciences.

MATSON, REV. DR. WILLIAM AGUR, clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, at Richmond Hill, N. Y., March 18, aged eighty-five. Once editor of the Gospel Messenger, the Church Journal, and assistant editor of the Churchman. Author: The Adversary, a volume on demonology.

ARNOLD, SIR EDWIN, at London, March 24, in his seventy-second year. Poet, journalist, and orientalist. Author: Poems Narrative and Lyrical (1853); Griselda and Other Poems (1856); The Poets of Greece (1869); The Light of Asia (1879); Indian Poetry (1881); Pearls of the Faith (1883); India Revisited (1886); Lotus and Jewel (1887); The Light of the World (1891); Japonica (1891); Potiphar's Wife and Other Poems (1892); The Tenth Muse (1895); East and West (1896); The Voyage of Ithobal (1901).

SCHUMANN, CARL, at Berlin, March 25, aged nearly fifty. Curator of the Royal Botanical Museum, and contributor to the "Flora Brasiliensis," edited by Eichler.

GREENE, THOMAS LYMAN, at New York, March 27, in his fifty-second year. Author: Corporation Finance (1897).

ARNOLD, PROF. A. B., at San Francisco, March 29, aged eighty-five. Author of surgical treatises, and translator of Hebrew and Arabic.

TOWNSHEND, CHARLES HERVEY, at New Haven, Conn., March 29, aged seventy. A famous sea captain, and author: A Centennial History of the British Invasion of New Haven; and numerous pamphlets.

RISLEY, RICHARD VOORHEES, at New York, March 30, in his thirtieth year. Author: The Sentimental Vikings (London, 1897); Men's Tragedies (1899); The Sledge (1900); The Anvil. Also frequent contributor to periodicals.

